New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Aldermaston & Admass

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Common Sense Dictator
by Kingsley Martin

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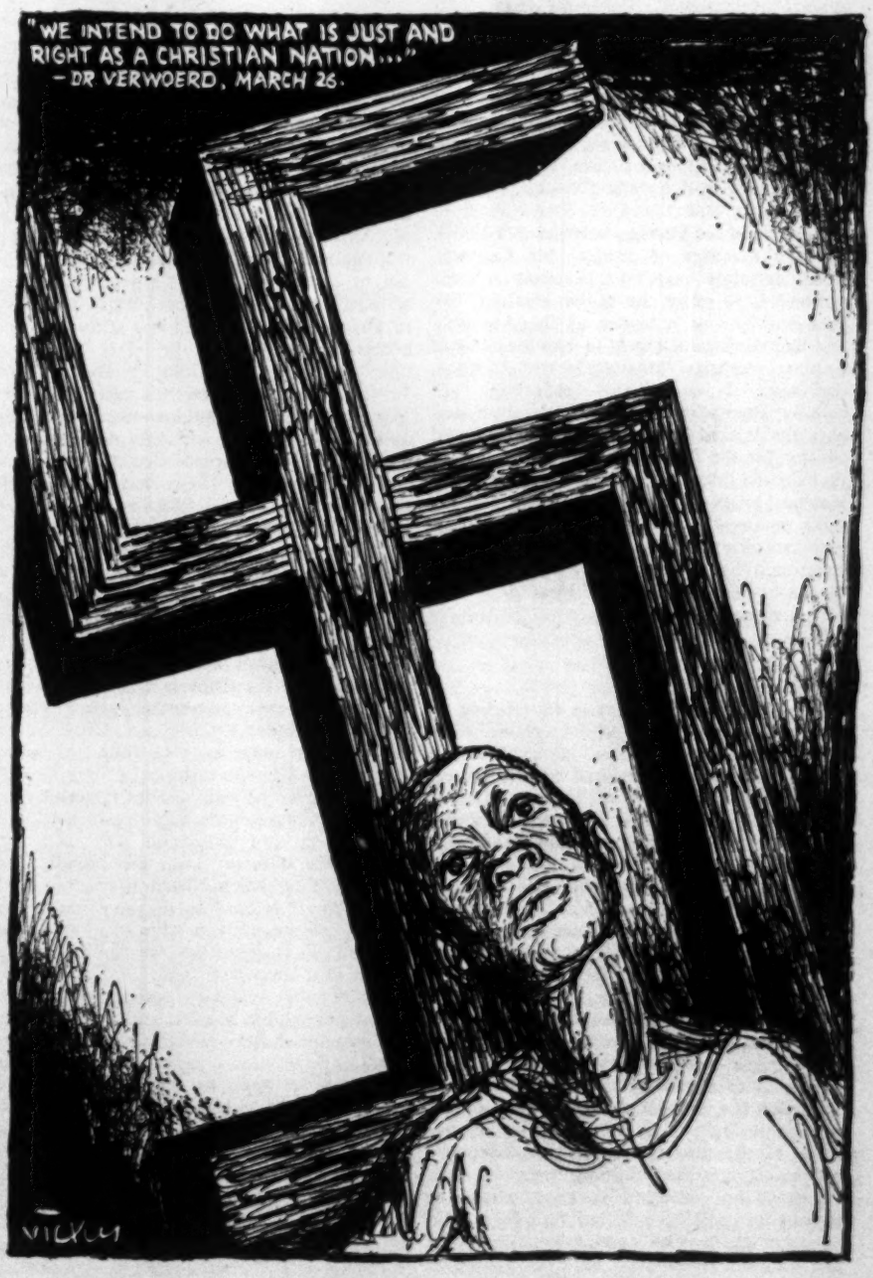

'. . . for they know not what they do.'

Comments on the Week's News

Regrouping in South Africa

The gun attack on Dr Verwoerd has had the immediate effect of re-uniting almost all leading white opinion behind the traditional South African segregation policy. Already before the shooting there were signs of consolidation; in particular the influential Chamber of Mines had declared emphatically that it had no thought of protesting to the government against *apartheid* or *baaskaap*. Although the mines have suffered severe stock exchange losses, their control of African labour in their severely disciplined mine compounds has cushioned them from the effects of the African stay-at-home movement which has so severely shaken secondary industry. The latter, although now the largest sector of the South African economy, has but meagre political influence. Without some considerable backing from the mines it could not hope to overthrow Dr Verwoerd or establish a coalition alternative. The nationalist caucus meeting after the attack on the Prime Minister showed that it was determined not to risk any deviation in its ranks. It resisted a move to appoint a temporary substitute for Dr Verwoerd because, if it had done so, the old competition between the moderate Cape section lead by the Finance Minister, Dr Donges, and the Free State-Transvaal group behind the Foreign Minister, Mr Louw, and the Minister of Justice, Mr Erasmus, would certainly have been renewed. A compromise is to leave the senior minister, Mr Paul Sauer, who is leader of the Assembly and the Minister of Lands to take the chair at Cabinet meetings. Meanwhile the Africans, deprived of established leadership, are equally attempting to consolidate their desperately pressed forces. It is significant and sinister for the future peace of South Africa that for the first time in history the organised violence gangs in the townships have made their peace with the political organisations and are offering them assistance. The comparative lull today may prove to be no more than a breathing space while black and white forces regroup themselves.

Politics in Cricket

By his courageous gesture in refusing to play against the South African cricket team which arrives here on Sunday the Reverend David Sheppard has ensured that there will be at least some sort of boycott of their matches. It is doubtful if it will seriously affect the attendances and improbable that many cricketers will follow his example: professional cricketers will be unable to. But more importantly his decision helps to resolve doubts people held about the propriety of such a boycott. The dilemma rested in this question: How could the South African public, to whom sport is something like a religion, be shown dramatically that the British public abhors *apartheid*, while at the same time we maintained the proper courtesies to a visiting sporting side? There was also the argument that politics should not be brought into cricket. This last has been totally destroyed. As Mr Sheppard points out, it is the South Africans with their insistence on *apartheid* in sport who have introduced politics into cricket. It is also arguable whether the South African cricketers are the innocents some of their apologists have been claiming. Certainly not one of them replied to a personal letter, explaining the impropriety of racial discrimination in sport, which each was sent earlier this year by Mr Alan Paton. Now that the boycott has begun it is necessary to bear in mind that it is not a protest against the policies of the South African government so much as a protest against the policy of segregation in sport. A nation-wide petition will soon be circulating which we hope will attract millions of signatures; and there will probably be pickets outside the grounds where the South Africans play. (There are to be no demonstrations inside the grounds.) Here is a first-class opportunity to convince the MCC and other governing bodies of sport that, in future, tours must be cancelled while policies in the Union remain unchanged. Sporting isolation – above all if applied to rugby football – might, strangely enough, hit the South Africans harder than anything else.

Chou's Visit

Chou En-Lai's visit to Delhi on 19 April presents Mr Nehru with a pretty problem. Angered by the Chinese Premier's breach of his assurance (three times personally given) that China would accept the traditional frontiers with no more than minor adjustments, Mr Nehru once spoke too technically of China's 'aggression' in the Ladakh and NE frontier areas. Later he said there was nothing to discuss with the Chinese while they were on Indian soil. Before Krushchev's visit to Delhi, Nehru modified this attitude to the extent of asking Chou En-lai to 'talk', but not 'negotiate', with him in Delhi. Chou En-lai warmly accepted this offer and then intimated that he would come for as long as six days, bringing with him many experts, and asked for clearance for three aircraft full of documents. These may well include many that, by careful selection, can be used to show that the existing line was the result of British efforts to strengthen the Indian frontier at a time when China was divided and weak after her republican revolution in 1911. The Chinese can also go back far into history and argue that many tribal areas, which the British kept 'fluid' as the best buffer against the Chinese and the Russians, have at one time or another been regarded as coming under Chinese suzerainty. Sometimes Indian maps may be found to corroborate such Chinese historical claims. Clearly the production of such ancient material, even if, as the Chinese note puts it, advanced in a 'conciliatory and reasonable way', is something quite different from the friendly preliminary chat which Nehru envisaged in his invitation. It is hard to see how much prolonged argument can now be altogether avoided. It is true that the line along the whole vast frontier is 'undemarcated', in the sense that no boundary posts exist on these often inaccessible heights; and if the Chinese find arguments for establishing such boundary marks, India must advance reasons for accepting or rejecting them. Demarcation, where possible, is clearly in the interests of India; it would at least make it possible on a future occasion to decide whether or not China has 'aggressed'. India has its own well-briefed and deeply informed experts on these boundary questions and is well able to dispute with the Chinese on historical and legal grounds. The process, however, will take, if pursued in this spirit, not a week, but many wearisome months.

Union Caution

It is doubtful if anyone seriously expected that the TUC inquiry into strikes would produce any positive result. These expectations are likely to be justified up to the hilt. The report will not be presented to Congress until September, but there are already disturbing rumours about its contents. Naturally we are almost certain to be told that strikes arise from a variety of causes: some are due to irresponsibility on the shop floor, others are due to failure of personal relations, while others have their origins in backward or hostile management and some in the legitimate demands of the workers. What we are less likely to be told if the present mood of the committee persists, and what would have been most valuable to learn, is what the TUC, having studied an enormous mass of evidence, believes can be done about the decentralising pressures of new methods of pay negotiation. Shop-steward troubles often stem from the factory floor where piece-rates are bargained for: individual shops become little empires in which negotiations at a national level seem remote when not irrelevant. It is not enough simply to reiterate, as the AEU has now done, that strikes and overtime bans need the approval of the executive and are not in the jurisdiction of shop stewards. This has been known for some time. What is needed is an attempt to create a fresh relation between official and unofficial groups. The TUC now has an opportunity to face up to its problems which it should not allow to pass, complicated and difficult though they are.

Lung Cancer and Smoking

The report of the international group of experts convened by WHO to study cancer of the lung has little new to say on the part played by smoking, but it says it with decision. The group – drawn from seven countries – unanimously agreed that 'the sum total of the evidence available today was most reasonably interpreted as indicating that cigarette smoking is a major causative factor in the increasing incidence of human carcinoma of the lung.' That air pollution in cities is also a probable factor was of course recognized. Polycyclic hydrocarbons known to cause cancer in animals are present in engine exhausts and even more in coal smoke, which is still their main source in Britain. Noting that pollution from coal smoke is diminishing in many countries, the group suggests that variations in pollution between areas with differing lung cancer rates should be examined before conditions change even further. But whatever new evidence such comparisons may provide, the group offers little encouragement to those city-dwelling cigarette smokers – doctors, in many instances – who stoutly maintain that their indulgence cannot appreciably add to the damage done in any case by their environment. On the contrary, it is pointed out that lungs already damaged by the inflammatory process of smoking may retain atmospheric smoke more effectively. Even if the report were to be given wide publicity, which it has not been so far, it could hardly have much effect on a public inoculated by repeated small doses of lung-cancer scare against any serious apprehension of the danger. Few heavy cigarette smokers manage to break themselves permanently of the habit, so the essential factor determining

the number of people who will be smoking ten or 20 years from now is the number of youngsters starting today. This number, thanks to high wages and skilful advertising lately aimed directly at the teenager, is greater than ever. Nor does experience give much ground for hope that governmental authorities, for whose guidance the report is primarily intended, will be galvanised by the group's final observation 'that existing knowledge of the etiology of lung cancer is already sufficiently well established to justify prophylactic action aimed at reducing exposure to known etiological factors.'

Sinatra Surrenders

It is too often and too easily assumed in this country that Senator McCarthy's ghost has been exorcised and the evil that he did in his lifetime redressed. Neither of these comfortable assumptions is true. McCarthy still walks in some areas of American life; there are hundreds of men and women who lost jobs, or at least security, in the face of the late Senator's assaults on liberty, who have not yet managed to restore their good name. Albert Maltz is an example of such a case. One of the original Hollywood Ten, who was hounded from his script-writing job by McCarthy, he has for 13 years been forced to write anonymously in films. Recently Frank Sinatra engaged him to write, under his own name, the screen play of *The Execution of Private Slovic*. Immediately there was an outcry from many of the old gang – the Hearst press, a variety of radio and TV publicists, and the armed services organisations. After sitting tight on his decision for some weeks, Mr Sinatra has at last surrendered to the clamour, and Maltz is no longer employed – at least under his own name. Sinatra's decision is very much to be regretted: it may be explained in part by his association with the presidential campaign of his friend John F. Kennedy. Sinatra had been engaged as Kennedy's campaign 'minstrel' and had adapted one of his hit numbers as the theme song of Kennedy's supporters. No doubt the smear of being soft to Communists was embarrassing to one and all. But the consequences of his surrender are tragic for Maltz – and, at one remove, for other similarly placed writers, such as Dalton Trumbo and Nedrick Young, both of whom are currently working on important scripts.

The African Tragedy

In an article by James Fairbairn entitled The African Tragedy (NS 2 April) the following words appeared: 'First the actual happenings at Sharpeville – for the truth must be established now if ever.' Mr Fairbairn asks us to make it plain that this linking sentence was inserted in the sub-editing of his cabled copy and was not written by him.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Maverick

As the augurs pick over the entrails of the Wisconsin Primary, each finding the prophetic arrangement he was prepared to find, responsible voices are being heard urging the country to forget that John F. Kennedy is boyish, charming, wealthy, and Catholic, and to get down to serious matters. The Senator himself, according to James Reston of the *New York Times*, 'would like to see the national debate turn now to the issues of the Sixties and the qualities necessary in a President of the future'.

Much as he may have profited from his personal appeal, his religion and his wealth, Kennedy is too intelligent and too dignified not to feel uncomfortable, even dismayed, by the kind of emotional response he so often gets from his audience. A quoter, rather than a coiner, of phrases he once drew on Goethe, Faulkner, Bismarck, Tennyson, Swift and Queen Victoria in a single speech, only to have newspapermen ignore his historic perspectives and report chiefly that his auditors said 'He's just a boy, isn't he?' and 'He's got a sort of all-American wholesome face'.

In his cool dispassionate way, Kennedy is actually more of a political Maverick than any other presidential candidate now in sight. He has made a point of rejecting the 'liberal line' as such and was once quoted without any clear-cut denial as saying that he was 'not comfortable' with members of Americans for Democratic Action. Yet that organisation credits him with an excellent voting record and his advisers predominantly are a little left-of-centre. On bread-and-butter issues – tax policy, welfare spending and most labour legislation – he has been liberal enough to satisfy the ALF-CIO leadership, although the Labour Reform Bill that bears his name has naturally made him enemies in some trade union circles. Liberal defenders never neglect to point out that he studied briefly under Harold Laski at the London School of Economics.

Kennedy's equivocation during the crusade of the late Senator McCarthy has left some liberals, notably Eleanor Roosevelt, permanently suspicious, if not downright hostile. Certainly in the early stages of that sordid period Kennedy was at very least indulgent of the Wisconsin scourge; and, although he seemed in the end to be repelled by him, he never lost sight of his large pro-McCarthy constituency to the extent of open criticism. Yet he refused to be intimidated by McCarthy into voting against confirming James Conant and Charles Bohlen as ambassadors; and as unassailable a libertarian as Arthur Schlesinger Jr regards the attempt to saddle Kennedy with McCarthyism as 'a prime example of dirty play'.

Even with respect to foreign policy the record is curiously and wholly independent; but here too there is reason to talk of growth. In his early days as a representative he had voted to cut appropriations for foreign aid and was believed closer in his views to Senator Taft than to the internationalists of either party. But as Professor James MacGregor Burns clearly demonstrates in his biography, Kennedy has moved fast and far. Interviewing the candidate for his book, Burns found him genuinely sympathetic to the new nations of Africa and committed to a united western attempt to help India achieve 'an economic break-through'. The motivation admittedly is to make India a healthy competitor for China in the coming struggle for domination of Asia. But China itself in his present view is not to be kept forever beyond the pale. 'While the Red Chinese do not now indicate their willingness . . . to meet the standard which should precede our recognition and their admission to the United Nations, nevertheless we should indicate our willingness to talk with them when they desire to do so and to set forth conditions of recognition which seem responsible to a watching world'. Mild perhaps but there is more here of Chester Bowles, the Senator's chief adviser on foreign policy, than of Joseph P. Kennedy whose parental presence in the background has frightened away a good many liberals from the Kennedy camp. After all, family influence can work in reverse – or Eleanor Roosevelt's son, Franklin Jr, would not at this moment be combing the hills of West Virginia for Kennedy votes in the next big Primary.

ROBERT BENDINER

Naples

The Mafia on Trial

On 16 May 1955 the Sicilian newspapers carried one of their usual humdrum stories: the unidentified body of a man, about 30 years old, had been found in a ditch. The body was later identified as that of Salvatore Carnevale, Socialist and trade unionist. Carnevale's face had been obliterated by the Mafia's *lupara* (wolf-shot). As the Carabinieri stripped his body where it lay, his black-clad mother shouted to the Mafia: 'Cowards, you will have no peace'; and as the body was carried to its peasant abode at Sciara, a group of women shouted: '*Poveraccio*, they killed him because he defended the peasants, and now nobody else will have the courage.'

During the night of 16-17 May, the Mafia of Sciara rounded up hens and sheep from the peasants, to celebrate the funeral, according to the ritual of the 'honourable society'. As the coffin moved from the house, the people of Sciara were silent, without tears. Another of the Mafia's rules is that only the closest relatives shall be permitted to weep. The priest did not want to bless the body. A Socialist Deputy intervened, trying to convince the priest; but the priest said he could not throw the holy water because the red flag was in the coffin. The red flag was taken out of the coffin, the holy water was thrown and the red flag was put back in the coffin.

In the immediate post-war years the Mafia joined forces with the big feudal landowners of Sicily, who feared for the loss of their lands. About 50 trade unionists have since been murdered in Sicily. The Communists and the Nenni Socialists were determined to break up the feudal estates. The Mafia were determined to keep them intact. It was in the framework of this plan that Carnevale was killed.

Sciara is a heap of grey stone hovels on the dried-up slopes of the valley of the River Torto. The people of Sciara live in houses of one room, and nearby is the feudal castle of Princess Notarbartolo, who used to own as far as the eye could see and who today lives in Palermo. Carnevale's house was a white-washed stone room, with mules tethered outside in the street. When he led the peasants to occupy the land of the Princess Notarbartolo, the Carabinieri surrounded them and he went to jail. Later Carnevale found work in the stone quarries of the Princess Notarbartolo, where the Mafia was strong. The Mafia called in the police after Carnevale had organised a strike, and the police told him he was the 'poison of the workers'. After this strike the local Mafia leader, Antonio Mangia-

fridda, told Carnevale that he was a condemned man if he continued to cause trouble.

Carnevale's mother has kept her promise to give the Mafia no peace. For the second time she has left Sicily to travel northwards into the Italian courtrooms and point a withered finger at the four accused members of the Mafia of Sciara: Mangiafridda, Tardibuono, Di Bella, and Panzeca. A black triangle at the feet of the white statue of Victor Emmanuel II, she sits in the court of Santa Maria Capua, near Naples, and alone, the only person in Sicily with sufficient courage, she yells to the Mafia, 'I curse you, murderers.'

Carlo Levi, author of *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, embraced her as she entered the court. 'My son has no peace', she said to the President of the Court. The trial drags on. The Mafia remembers nothing. Nor does anybody else. The law of *omertà* (silence), broken only by a bereaved mother, prevails. While the trial is in progress the Mafia's guns continue to reap victims in Sicily. A peasant falls near Palermo, a police officer is shot down in the main street of Agrigento. The prosecution lawyers prepare to throw in the sponge.

In Sicily, the people are already singing the legend of Salvatore Carnevale. They sing and hope in vain: 'Turiddu Carnevale was his name, and he died like Christ, murdered'.

Turiddu Carnevali numinatu
e comu Cristu muriu ammazzatu.

BRUCE RENTON

Westminster

Wind of Change

When, a few days ago, Mr John Stonehouse asked the House of Commons to deplore the racialist policies of the South African government, every Conservative member who spoke supported his resolution and the House passed it unanimously. This illustrates how remarkably Conservative thinking and feeling has changed in recent months. Before the election the party as a whole was obsessed with the fear of 'scuttle' and looked on the whites in Africa and elsewhere as the last remaining guardians of empire, who must be protected at almost any cost. Though this obsession did not induce many to adopt fully the doctrines of white supremacy, it did prevent many from accepting anything approaching black equality in human rights. Today, the shoot-'em-down school, if it still exists, has gone to earth; and, above ground, an air of troubled liberalism pervades the party. What has happened?

No doubt the recent revelation of South African atrocities has made its impact on the instincts of fundamentally decent men of all parties. No doubt the party managers are aware of the wind of change in Britain where distaste for the behaviour of the South African government has suddenly become almost as powerful an emotion as the desire for spin driers. No doubt, too, the new obsession, to cut government spending and hence cut taxes, is playing some part; for Tory hopes of cuts in spending centre mainly on the defence budget and even those who are not greatly moved by the sufferings of Africans are alarmed at policies which, by provoking an African uprising, might still further add to the sufferings of the taxpayer. Nor, in this assessment, is it possible to ignore entirely the sufferings of the Stock Exchange, where policies which lead to prolonged African labour trouble would produce a prolonged fall in gold and copper share equities.

But these considerations, though they may affect the thinking of individuals or even of small groups, do not explain the apparent change in the party as a whole which has led so many to accept, almost without question, Mr Iain Macleod's constitutional proposals for Kenya, to accept, with only slightly more questioning, Archbishop Makarios as a supportable pillar, even if he shifts his ground from day to day, and to accept with reluctance that the only possible alternative to a multi-racial society, under black control, in Africa is a wholly black continent.

The real driving force, I suspect, behind this change is the desire, perhaps a pathetic one, to preserve at least the facade of Britain as a great power; and this cannot be done unless Britain remains the senior member of a Commonwealth, with her spokesman at Summit meetings officially representing not just the 50 millions in these islands but hundreds of millions elsewhere. Whether or not in their hearts they approve of South African policies, Tories now see that these policies, if persisted with, are likely to shatter the Commonwealth dream and deny to Britain the right even of pretending to speak for the Africans, Indians and Asians whose representatives still put in an appearance at conferences of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Dr Verwoerd, the antagonist of human rights, is less of a menace than Dr Verwoerd, the disrupter of empire.

It would be wrong to suggest that this change of approach in the Tory party will lead at once to dramatic action. Caution, at present, is the watchword. Just as in the late Thirties, those Tories who did not actively approve of Hitler still urged that we must do nothing headstrong, that we must not drive him into a corner, that we must treat with him and by showing what good fellows we were teach him to be a good fellow too, so at present the main Tory line is to avoid conflicts in the United Nations, boycott all boycotts, refrain from wounding speeches in the House of Commons or on the public platform and concentrate on giving Dr Verwoerd, or his deputy, a jolly good talking to in private on an old boy basis when he comes to London. But I think that Dr Verwoerd would be unwise to assume that this fatuous line of action is all that the Tory party is prepared to do, in the last resort. The Commonwealth concept is very close to its heart and, as the threat of Common Market unfolds, will be at least as close to its pocket. It will not lightly let a Calvinist fanatic rob it either of its dreams or of its customers.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Science

Fission, Fusion, Disillusion

How splendid it all was, two years ago. Britain's knights of the atom, Sir John, Sir Christopher, Sir William, were coming up with one smashing success after another. Calder Hall was working well, and supplying to the national grid electricity derived from the heat of fissioned uranium. British engineering firms – civil, mechanical, electrical – had grouped themselves for the age of atoms for peace. Work had started on big nuclear power stations and there was excited

talk about world markets. At Christmas Island, the British hydrogen bomb had fired, copying an exploding star: there was British strontium in the fall-out now, and only a few hundred marched all the way along the Aldermaston road that Easter to say it was stupid. The bright flash of Harwell's *Zeta* had reached amazing temperatures, and the neutron radiation indicated that the heavy hydrogen gas had fused to make helium, mimicking the Sun. To many it was the famous Windscale fire alone that generated passing doubts.

How different today! *Zeta's* neutrons have turned out to be spurious, and controlled thermo-nuclear energy from seawater seems remote again – even if remaining an inevitability. The British government itself is taking a lead in getting test explosions stopped; while the thousands on the Aldermaston road can now argue, in terms of existing weapons, that our H-bombs without an invulnerable means of delivery cannot be a deterrent, only a fearful provocation.

The great private nuclear engineering consortia are disillusioned too. Having established costly design and development teams, under the guidance of the Atomic Energy Authority (which should have kept design and development as its own concern, anyway) the consortia find that the steady influx of orders for which they gambled has not materialised. They begin to group into super-consortia in self defence.

The present policies can be traced back to the desire at all costs to make bombs. The easiest way to manufacture plutonium explosive is to assemble a reactor of rods of natural uranium metal arranged in a lattice of graphite blocks. The graphite is the moderator: it serves to slow down the neutrons released when one fissile atom of uranium-235 splits, and encourages them to split more atoms, thus sustaining a chain-reaction. Some of the neutrons react with the uranium-238, that makes up the bulk of the natural uranium metal and converts it into plutonium. To keep the reactor cool, a gas is pumped through it. In the case of the early Windscale reactors, this was air, and the heat was thrown away. In Calder Hall, it is carbon dioxide gas, and the hot gas serves to raise steam for electricity generation. But Calder Hall is first and foremost an explosives factory.

Now, as embodied in the new civil power stations, the gas-cooled, graphite-moderated reactor is a good, safe system. But it has not lived up to expectation as a competitor for conventional power stations. The quest for economies and trends in engineering have both encouraged a rapid growth in the output of each reactor. This means that the very successes of the consortia's engineers have reduced the number of stations required for a given electrical load; it also means that we are moving further away from the small handy power stations that other nations might want to buy. But another snag is the graphite. It was ignorance about the behaviour of graphite in a reactor that led to the errors in the design of the early Windscale reactors, and hence to the fire. Now, as the aim is to press the graphite-moderated reactor to higher temperatures (and so to greater economies) new technical difficulties are manifesting themselves.

The truth of the matter is that there are scores of ways of making nuclear reactors: other moderators, other coolants, other forms of fuel. Although the Atomic Energy Authority has made paper studies of the most promising variants, it has been so confident that it knew the high road to both bombs and cheap power that only one important power reactor experiment lies out of the Calder Hall rut. This is the 'fast breeder' reactor at Dounreay. When the history of nuclear power comes to be written, the Windscale fire will have been seen to cost the country very dear, because of the consequent decision to take the staff off the Dounreay experiment to maintain bomb production. The experiment has been grievously delayed. The Dounreay reactor uses 'enriched' nuclear fuel: that is to say, fuel in which the fissile materials have been concentrated. Given such fuel, the prospects for building compact reactors, economic at low power outputs, become far brighter. The materials are not available because they have been built into bombs.

There is no mistaking the historical need for nuclear energy, as demands for power rise and reserves of coal and oil diminish. The big question for Britain, though, is whether we are going to get an adequate return for our huge investments in controlled fission energy and before controlled fusion makes it out of date. Part of the answer to this question could be found in the bomb-stores of Bomber Command.

NIGEL CALDER

Aldermaston and Admass

THE winter of our liberal discontents is now passing. 1959 was a bad year, and it closed a bad decade. During it, a new and disturbing virus of egotistical materialism appeared to have infected the British public. Three times Tory governments were returned, on each occasion with an increased majority. Such issues as Suez, Hola and Nyasaland had failed to act as effective rallying-cries for the liberal middle classes or to arrest the perceptible drift of working-class voters from Labour. With vital and difficult decisions in Africa impending, and with a large and self-confident Tory preponderance in parliament, 1960 opened in an atmosphere of doubt – even alarm.

Now the spring has brought reassurance. In East and Central Africa, Mr Macleod has shown a clear grasp of the fundamental problems, and great courage in opening the road to their solution. Mr Macmillan's tour of Africa culminated in a measured and effective denunciation of *apartheid*, and his government has now moved dramatically nearer to the Opposition in its attitude towards Dr Verwoerd's crippled system. The first post-election budget brought, instead of an orgy for the propertied classes, a sharp offensive against tax-avoidance, which evoked moderate applause on Labour benches. And, in the international field, Mr Macmillan has not only succeeded in keeping the road to the Summit open, but has edged the US government to the verge of signing a test-ban treaty. Most remarkable of all, these successive moves towards liberalism have been endorsed by all but a handful of the government's enlarged majority.

This is evidence not so much of a change of heart among the Tories, as of the increased attention which the party managers pay to public opinion. The government, and its admass advisers, seem to have embraced the doctrine that the electorate is willing to entrust its fortunes for a long period to the Tories – provided they renounce their Tory prejudices. Hence, since the election, it has shown a commendable, if far from disinterested, anxiety to align its policies still more closely to what it believes is the country's political centre of gravity.

This new phenomenon gives an unrivalled opportunity to those who influence and lead public opinion. There can be no doubt that the South African boycott movement has played a dominant role in the shift of public, and ultimately of government, opinion during the last few weeks. A Gallup Poll taken at the end of March revealed that the number of people willing to discriminate against South African goods has multiplied thirteen-fold since the end of 1959. Even more important was the part played by the boycott in simply alerting the public to the problems of South Africa. The latest poll on *apartheid* shows a remarkable increase in those prepared to condemn the system, and a degree of public awareness of the problem unique in the history of polls on international affairs. This suggests that the real enemy of liberal causes is not apathy but ignorance.

An equally striking example is provided by the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign. At its inception, Mr A. J. P. Taylor warned that it took 20 years to abolish slavery in British territories, and that no one should suppose that the public could be converted to unilateralism within a few months or even years. Despite the growing success of the Aldermaston marches, the Campaign's apparent failure so far to swing round either of the major parties has led many – ignoring Mr Taylor's warning – to write it off as a gallant failure.

In fact, its real success is only beginning to appear. No one seriously supposes that an energetic handful can easily convert a nation to what is, after all, a form of pragmatic pacifism. What they are successfully doing, however, is to arouse public interest – and concern – in the problems of defence. The latest Gallup Poll reveals that, for the first time, the public now rates defence and disarmament as the most important problem facing the government. This means that these technical issues, which have always remained, in the past, the disastrous prerogative of 'the experts', are now being seriously discussed in a growing number of British homes and pubs. The educational climate of conversion is being created.

This is the primary reason why this journal supports the Aldermaston March. Many lifelong advocates of disarmament believe that the Campaign, by its insistence on unilateral action, fails to recognise the paramount importance of international control, which alone can inspire the confidence necessary for world-wide disarmament. This may be a valid criticism of the Campaign's objective; but it is irrelevant to its effect, which is to persuade an ever-growing number of people that disarmament is the biggest single issue of our time. Mr Macmillan's flight to Washington to save the test-ban conference was essentially a politician's response to mounting public pressure.

If the Aldermaston Marchers have still far to go, they have already passed some notable milestones. And they are proving that others besides the professional persuaders can shape the aspirations of admass society.

A Common Sense Dictator

I HAVE talked recently with two military men who have taken over the government of their countries when western democratic institutions broke down. But Field Marshal Ayub's dictatorship in Pakistan is not comparable with Ne Win's in Burma – for a fundamental reason. Ne Win, a modest and democratic soldier, did a 'cleansing' job and retired so that the politicians could resume. Ayub has no such intention. In the course of an hour and a quarter's conversation recently he convinced me that he had a constructive policy and does not mean to relinquish power until it is achieved. His country, as I saw for myself when I was last here two years ago, was in a lamentable state of political and economic chaos. He has set himself the task of building a modern, viable state and part of the task is to create institutions in which, as he put it, 'the people can have faith' and in which they themselves will be able to play a modest but genuine part.

A commission is now preparing such a constitution. One of the strongest points the Field Marshal made to me is that he disapproves of the Pakistani's habit of hero-worship. He rejects the cult of personality and declares that his 'basic democracy' (which sounds at first so easy to make fun of) is a necessary stage towards an honest and more representative form of government.

Some things I ascertained before I saw him. His reforms are real and approved by people of left, progressive opinions with whom I have talked. His methods display a massive common sense and, indeed, a subtlety that the world does not usually expect to find in a Pathan officer. I know of no other dictatorship that has been set up without bloodshed and with so little bitterness. No one has been killed, and I'm told there are now no political prisoners in Pakistan. Bashani, the left-wing leader in East Pakistan, has been released from gaol, and Faiz M. Faiz (once suspected of taking part in a Communist conspiracy and twice in prison) is now secretary of the Arts Council – a post which he, as Pakistan's best and most popular poet, is particularly fitted to hold. In this capacity he easily obtains leave to visit India and other countries. One group of papers – Faiz had been editor of the *Pakistan Times* – has been taken over by the government on the ground that it was receiving Communist aid from abroad. But even in this case its owner has received an excellent price for his shares. This does not compensate for loss of freedom but it contrasts favourably with dictatorship's usual methods.

The power of the big landlords of West Pakistan, who have prevented all real reform for the past twelve years, is broken. A ceiling has been placed on land-holdings and the big estates – often amounting to tens of thousands of acres – are being divided amongst the cultivators. Nor will the new holdings be cut up into tiny uneconomic fragments as they have been so often in East Pakistan and India. Land will no longer be divided among the children when a farmer dies. The provision of a minimum of 12½ acres is in the long run perhaps as important as a maximum ceiling of 500 acres.

As for the politicians who made the name of democracy farcical in Pakistan, they have been got rid of by a simple and ingenious method. Charges of corruption (which everyone knows to be in general well founded) have been made against some 20 or 30 of the most notorious; the charges are usually confined to comparatively small irregularities, behind which it is commonly understood much more serious accusations could be added if required. The victim has the choice of retiring quietly for a minimum period of six years or of demanding an investigation. In most cases he chooses the first alternative. He goes out of public life, keeping his ill-gotten gains, but losing the chance of adding to them, and also being left with no grievance likely to make him the centre of a discontented or potentially Fascist class. To this it must be added that some regarded as politically 'subversive' – i.e., suspected of Communist affiliations – are also allowed to retire from political life without fuss. Dictatorship of course; but dictatorship at its most constructive, least repressive and most polite.

With all this in mind, I asked the President how he proposed to deal with the appalling poverty in East Pakistan. It is all very well to supersede a form of government which no one respected and replace it by dictatorship, but would he not be expected to succeed in substituting prosperity for misery? That, he said, was the justification for what he was doing. The East Pakistan problem was, he believed, at least in part soluble. The area is vastly overcrowded and hungry. The main reason is failure to use the water supply, which is plentiful in the summer, but dries up in the winter. Scientific irrigation would make a vast difference. Again, by preventing salt water overflowing the land, he hoped soon to reclaim for cultivation an area of a million acres. That would help, and so would the introduction of the Japanese system of rice growing which (as Indian experts are never weary of attempting to explain to cultivators) produces more than four times the traditional yield per acre. But in addition to these, and other improvements in agriculture, Ayub is an advocate of family planning. Clinics are being set up and foam tablets – the best, but still lamentably insecure, form of contraceptive available for the peasantry of this sub-continent – are being widely distributed.

But this was only the beginning of the President's answer. He believes that his system of basic democracy will bring into the villages 'new ideas' and a new awareness of the chances of a good life. Here he talks very much the language of the enthusiastic advocates of 'decentralised democracy' in India. The unit must be the village council – the *panchaiyat*. In the long run the only remedy for poverty lies in education – and education through practice and the exercise of responsibility. The chief difference between India and Pakistan in this experiment is that the politicians in Pakistan (far more than in India, though there too Congress has become inexcusably divorced from the mass of the peasantry), have not been remotely interested in social change. The villagers have been asked periodically to vote for a candidate about whom they know nothing except that he comes from the exploiting class. This democracy, imposed from above, Ayub has abolished. He argues that democracy is only genuine within the limits of the knowledge of the people to whom an appeal is made. They can quickly understand how to improve their land and their villages when they get the chance; it will take years before they can judge between a good and bad financial or foreign policy. Therefore, by a system of indirect election, the villages select representatives, at four stages, from the village itself up to the district level. It is implied that in the future, as things improve and education is spread, more powers will be given to these indirectly elected persons. At present the 80,000 who gave the President (the only candidate!) a 95 per cent poll will have local but not national power. Whether this system will in fact ever turn into a genuinely representative form of government it is far too soon to guess.

I questioned the President about the proposed constitution. Pakistan, he put it to me, was formed because Moslems feared they would be ill-used as a minority – even though 100 million strong – inside free India. So they set about creating a state with no other ideology than a common religion. He has explained why that state failed in the preface he has contributed to a book, *The Ideology of Pakistan*, by Javid Iqbal. We failed, he writes 'to define that ideology in a simple and understandable form. Also in our ignorance we began to regard the Islamic ideology as synonomous with bigotry and theocracy, and subconsciously began to fight shy of it . . .' The time has come to state what Islam means in simple terms; otherwise 'the ideology of godlessness which is all around us will come rushing in'. In short, if Islam is not interpreted so that a modern, scientific and humane state can be based on it, the alternative will be Communism – which to the Field Marshal is the devil.

I have said that the President wants to modernise Pakistan. He is as sincere a Mussulman as you will find, but he does not see why this should deprive him of common-sense. The more rigid mullahs, who have tried to check all progress by declaring that to touch property, to advocate birth control or to test a proposed reform by any other yardstick than its conformity with the Koran, are at last, I think, decisively defeated. The Field Marshal ended their power when he evaded the sort of theological trap which these learned men love to set by simply replying that 'religion was made for man, not man for religion', that the Islamic faith was a good one meant to make men happy, and that it was therefore on the face of it absurd to defend the evil of absentee landlordism by quoting from the scriptures. The basic morality of the Koran, he reminded me, includes equality and love and good neighbourliness, just as Christianity and other religions do; if we make changes without the aid of any such basic morality, we 'shall turn into beasts again'.

He could not anticipate the findings of the constitutional commission, but he showed me its directive. It is to examine the reasons for past failure and to make proposals for 'a democracy adaptable to changing circumstances and based on the Islamic principles of justice, equality and tolerance; the consolidation of national unity and a firm and stable system of government.' Democracy? yes, but only gradually through local institutions. Otherwise, in a country where there has been no basic training in a co-operative or trade union movement, he said, you get nothing but

NEXT WEEK

Critic's Travel Diary

Return to Ceylon
by LEONARD WOOLF

Caravan Status
by W. JOHN MORGAN

parties fighting for their own interests. He cited Ceylon. You get 'a mosaic of sand' on which nothing permanent or worthy can be built.

Finally we came to foreign policy. In the same preface that I have already quoted (dated November 1959) he writes bluntly: 'there is every possibility of losing Pakistan. That must not be allowed to happen in any circumstances'. The danger he fears is from the north. The Russians are building roads in Afghanistan. Krushchev and the Afghans make propaganda play with the concept of an independent Paktoonistan. Ayub trusts the Russians as little as he does the Chinese, though he agrees that they are less likely to risk war, and he does not hold the theory that everything that Mao and Krushchev do is the result of a carefully timed joint conspiracy. What he fears is the penetration of Communism through Burma and Iran and perhaps the northern frontiers of India. With this menace in mind he asks why India seems so unwilling to come to terms on the Kashmir issue, which now alone remains a source of friction between India and Pakistan.

I asked whether he could not perhaps accept the cease-fire line with minor adjustments. For the only time in our talk, he responded with some heat. What is the cease fire line? Just the point that the armies happen to have reached in 1948; it has nothing to do with justice, with economics, or common sense. He took me to a map on his wall. Of course he did not want the large Hindu part of Jammu to be included in Pakistan. But the area through which the Chenab flows matters, he argued, vitally to Pakistan. It is one of the three rivers that are allotted to Pakistan in the new canal waters settlement and it is essential, he urged, for Pakistan to be in a position to control its course in Kashmir – before it descends into the Punjabi plain where it is uncontrollable. I asked whether he was suggesting that the Indians might maliciously cut off the water as a military measure – an argument which, especially in the days of the bomber, I regard as merely silly. He replied that it was not a strategic point he was raising at all. The Chenab every year devastates a large area in the Punjab. It must be controlled in Kashmir.

He fears that Nehru is playing politics in what he regards as a vital and urgent matter. As he sees it, Delhi becomes more accommodating when the China threat suggests that it may be necessary for India to deploy her troops differently. If Delhi feels more comfortable about Chou En-lai then, he fears, it will not bother to settle the Kashmir dispute. The part of statesmanship demands, he argues, that India and Pakistan should cease to make military faces at each other and co-operate to meet a common danger.

He had talked of 'joint defence'. I asked how far he thought this possible while India held to non-alignment and Pakistan was an American ally. If that was the obstacle, he said, it made no difference to his point. He was not asking for 'staff talks', but only for a change of defence policy, so that India and Pakistan could both pay attention to the frontiers that were really menaced.

I returned to the issue of the Kashmir valley. That, he agreed, was the crux, as it always had been during these twelve years of unprofitable argument about legalities and past wrongs. He seemed ready to discuss any proposal provided it gave Pakistan control of the Chenab waters in Kashmir and did not leave the Moslem inhabitants of the valley solely under Indian rule. I wondered, as I came away, whether there is not today another chance of reviving some scheme of 'condominion' such as was once suggested before we had all formed the habit of assuming hostility between the Indian and Pakistan armies. The idea might now strike a spark again. The President, as I say, is a man of massive common sense.

Rawalpindi KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

In Randolph Churchill's *Lord Derby*, there appears a fascinating exchange of letters between Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Derby about how to go on paying for their respective Riviera villas after the Germans moved into the South of France. Lord Beaverbrook's letter, dated 8 January 1943 explains that hitherto he has had no difficulty in transmitting £400 a year 'for the purpose of discharging rates, taxes and caretaking', but that now, 'with the invasion of the Riviera by the enemy,' it may be more difficult. What, he asks, does Lord Derby propose to do about his villa? Lord Derby replies promptly on 11 January. He has, he writes, 'had exactly the same difficulty with regard to sending money for the maintenance of my villa at Cannes as you have about yours.' The difficulty has, however, been got round through the good offices of Messrs. John Taylor of Cannes, who have an office in London, and who 'are quite prepared to continue to make remittances to the South of France as in the past.' Only now 'it will be the Swiss authorities who will do the work in place of the Americans', Lord Beaverbrook, it will be recalled, appealed to the British public for their pots and pans to provide the government with scrap metal. Now he was quietly seeking advice on how to arrange for the taxes and essential charges on his Riviera villa to continue to be paid to the Vichy authorities, even though the South of France was under German occupation. Lord Derby did not consider the proposed arrangement 'entirely satisfactory'. Even so, 'it is satisfactory enough for me to send through Taylor in London more money for the payment of wages and expenses so as not to give the Boche or anyone else any excuse for seizing the property.' After all, even in war, some things are sacred – his and Lord Beaverbrook's villas on the Riviera, for instance.

* * *

Non-readers of the *Guardian* will have missed the brilliant account, by its Commonwealth Correspondent, of Dr Hastings Banda's arrival at London Airport last week. Dr Banda, it appears, had been signed up by one of the commercial television companies, and the terms of his contract imposed upon him a Trappist vow of silence as far as the large gathering of reporters, Africans and others who had assembled to meet him was concerned. The scene, according to the *Guardian* Commonwealth Correspondent, 'had in it some of the elements of a Feydeau farce, a Greek tragedy and a "Keystone Kops Komedy".' He himself, 'by circling in front of Dr Banda and his escorts and walking backwards, was able to say to him that he would like to hear his opinions, and that if he could bring himself to give a press conference he had only to inform the police and it would be arranged.' Dr Banda, however, looking like a man distracted, 'rolled his eyes upward, and said not a word.' By the time he had been bundled into a car, along with his four television keepers, Mr Thorpe (who was to interview him), Mr and Mrs Fenner Brockway, an African who was thought to be Mr Chiume, and some others, he was 'bleeding slightly at both lips, presumably from biting them.' He must have thought he was back in Nyasaland. It seems a pity that Dr Banda should have made so unedifying an entry on to the public stage, but I suppose the television company concerned cannot be blamed for wanting its money's worth.

* * *

One gets odd letters. I had one recently from a man in South Carolina informing me, among other things, that he wears 'only short-sleeved sports shirts, no neck-ties and slacks pants.' He adds that he has 'several nice suits but they are nice because I've almost never worn them. Like yourself I am a first class S.O.B. to some people, but thank God a few of us exist even today.'

* * *

As the line-up for the forthcoming American Presidential election takes shape, one is struck more than ever by the predominance of personality as an issue, and the absence, on both the Republican and Democratic side, of anything remotely resembling a programme. American politics, today, are about personalities, not programmes, still less ideas – as indeed, they are, increasingly, in western Europe. There exists a vague sort of notion that Senator Humphrey is 'liberal', that Mr Nixon is now an ardent Eisenhower co-exister, that Senator Kennedy, like Governor Rockefeller, is for a 'hard' Russian policy and freer defence spending. Since Mr Nixon seems all set for the Republican nomination, the essential issue, however, is whether the Democratic candidate should be crew-cut, rich and Roman Catholic, or leathery, poor and talkative, with old uncle Adlai lumbering in the background, bald, rich, and ready to come forward, at the third time of asking, his grisly troupe of egghead gag-writers all with their pens at the ready. Will Kennedy's Roman Catholicism prove a handicap? All predictions (especially mine) are almost bound to be wrong, but I should say not. On the contrary, probably an asset. The spiritual vacancy of hire-purchase affluence engenders a certain respect for antique souvenirs of Christendom like the Roman Church. In the same way, puffy men, lingering over expense-account luncheons, like to hear tales of the abstemiousness of famous millionaires of long ago.

* * *

One of the many oddities of a future nuclear war, should one ever come to pass, will surely be the roving submarine missile base. These atomic-powered submarines can, as I understand it, stay under water for three years if necessary. When they have discharged their missiles on to the appointed targets, their mission will be completed. Like humble bees, they have only one sting, which cannot be replaced. After ejecting it, what will they do with themselves? Surfacing, in the circumstances, might seem both pointless and dangerous. Will they roam about under the sea until the fall-out has settled and the radioactivity subsided? One imagines their pallid and debilitated crews returning at last to inherit an empty world.

* * *

When I first visited Johannesburg, some 20 years ago, and on all subsequent occasions, I had a feeling of impending doom. This was only intensified by its sparkling air, its charming suburbs and gardens, its abounding pros-

perity based on the production of the most useless of all metals – gold. Among the inhabitants themselves, or so I fancied, there was always an undercurrent of hysteria. Notices instructed motorists, in certain areas: 'Beware, natives!' These were necessary because, on Saturdays particularly, the African mine-workers were liable to get very drunk, and lurch and sprawl about the roads. It was not difficult to fit the attempted assassination of Dr Verwoerd into such a setting, with the prize cattle waiting to be displayed, and the crowds of Afrikaner farmers in from the surrounding veldt for the Agricultural Show and a spree. Incidentally, how much better was Rebecca's West's description, in the *Sunday Times*, of this horrifying incident than any of the others! Being a writer, she let the drama unfold of itself, instead of, like a journalist, processing it for headlines and a lead and sub-editing.

* * *

In the hospitals all over the country, beds are being cleared for the Easter casualties. All but the most serious cases are being sent home to provide places for those who will certainly be coming in as a result of the Easter holiday holocaust. Among many contemporary horrors, this has its place as perhaps the most squalid, certainly the most inane. Easter is, of course, an ancient feast, which was taken over by Christianity to commemorate the resurrection of its founder. 'Christ is risen!' used to be the old Russian greeting for the occasion. Perhaps Easter has now reverted to the earlier form once again, when human sacrifices were provided for tribal deities, and ecstatic believers threw themselves under the wheels of juggernauts. If the sun shines on Good Friday, the cars and charabancs and motor-cycles will be out in strength on the winding, and mostly narrow, roads to the coast, ejecting fumes on their way, and every so often staining the tarmac with blood.

* * *

One of the minds which has made a definite impact on shaping the policy of what we like to call the 'free world' is that of George Kennan. His famous 'XYZ' article in the American magazine *Foreign Affairs*, which first outlined the policy of containment; his Reith Lectures in this country suggesting that the Krushchev thaw should be taken seriously, and its possibilities explored, quite apart from his period as adviser on Soviet affairs in the State Department and as United States Ambassador in Moscow, have enabled him to exert considerable influence on Cold War strategy. I have just been reading another of his *Foreign Affairs* pronouncements entitled 'Peaceful Co-existence.' As ever, the argument is well developed, the sentences are clear and persuasive. He examines, with great knowledge and understanding, and some scepticism, Krushchev's concept of how the two power blocks into which the world is now divided may hope to exist side-by-side without drifting into a disastrous nuclear war. The curious thing about Kennan's expositions is that, though by-and-large I agree with them, they fail to grip. They hold one's attention at the time, and one is even convinced, and then it all fades away and dissolves into nothingness. It is like one of those greased poles firemen slide down to get quickly to their fire-engines. How strange that human persuasion, to be effective, should need a touch of fanaticism; of obstinacy, pigheadedness and pertinacity! Nietzche survives where more orderly and sensible comments on life are soon forgotten.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lady Hylton-Foster, wife of Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, who became Speaker of the House of Commons last October, holds strong views on women members of Parliament. 'I can't think why they do it,' she tells me. 'I just don't understand them. Women don't have enough education to become politicians.' – *Sunday Express*. (Leila Campbell.)

Sir – Should not Trafalgar Square be banned as a marcher's mecca for assorted political *provocateurs*, complete with hooligan fringe, and a rendezvous allocated to them far removed from the metropolis? At Stonehenge, for example, they could shout their heads off, denigrate the white man, exchange slogans, pass resolutions, organise boycotts and perhaps even pull each others' beards. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (H. M. Dale.)

Critics of the 'four minute' early warning station to be built on Fylingdales Moor, near Whitby, were rebuked by Col. H. Slingsby, chairman of North Riding County Council's Civil Defence Committee, when he spoke during an exercise at Eston Grange County Modern school yesterday. 'People who say four minutes is not enough should be ignored. I would sooner have four minutes than none at all. At least we shall have a chance to grab at anything which might help to combat the ghastly things which may fall upon us,' Col. Slingsby declared. – *Evening Gazette*. (A. Beck.)

A young couple have moved into the house opposite to me. They don't seem to be troubled about the conventions as they don't bother to draw their curtains at night while they are painting, and papering. They stop now and then to kiss. I wish young people would behave more sensibly. – *Glasgow Evening Times*. (John Ryan.)

The Yellow Carnet

(*By an ex-prisoner*)

READERS of Victor Hugo's masterpiece *Les Miserables* will remember the vividly portrayed character Jean Valjean, the ex-convict who, in accordance with the provisions of the French penal code then prevailing, was obliged to carry a distinctive yellow *carnet* or identity card which had to be produced before he could obtain work or accommodation, and which inevitably revealed to whoever glanced at it, that the bearer was an ex-convict. Has it ever, I wonder, occurred to readers that something not very dissimilar happens to thousands of ex-prisoners in this country at the present day?

I was discharged a few days ago from one of the large London prisons after serving an 18-month sentence. Let me say at once that this was not the first time I had been convicted. I was no 'injured innocent'. The sentence was not a harsh one and I had and have no complaints about my treatment by the police or prison authorities whilst in their charge. What I do wish to ventilate is the equipment furnished to the man on discharge wherewith to fight his way back into normal society.

A few weeks before discharge I was interviewed by a gentleman called a Welfare Officer – one of several newly-appointed officials. I am quite ready to believe that these officials do or will do a lot of good, but to date I have not met anyone who has derived any tangible benefit from their activities. The one who interviewed me asked many questions as to my past, present, and projected future. He said that since I had no settled address it was no use my seeing the visiting Ministry of Labour representative, for he would not know which area office to contact on my behalf. He further said that since I had about £10 private cash to my credit, I would not have any necessity to see the Discharged Prisoners Aid Committee. He then terminated the interview by saying that there did not appear to be anything they could do for me, but if anything occurred to me I could ask to see him again and he wished me the best of luck.

At last came the long-awaited morning. There was none of the popularly-supposed ritual of a handshake and homily from the Governor. In fact the Governor and I never exchanged one solitary word the whole time I was there and I am quite sure he was sublimely unaware of my existence. All I got was a 15-second interview with a Deputy Governor, this being the first time I had spoken to him since I had had a 15-second interview on arrival. He checked the amount of my private cash, asked where I was going and did not appear very interested in my vague reply.

As a final formality I was handed the rest of my possessions and money, and then three documents. First a notice from the Central After-Care Association telling me I must report to them by letter once a month for 12 months and keep them informed of any change of address (stamped-addressed envelope enclosed), and admonishing me that it was no use calling on the After-Care Association for money or clothes since they had no funds available for this purpose. Second, a combined letter to the Ministry of Labour and National Assistance Board. Third, a National Insurance Card covering the period 1 September 1959 to 31 August 1960, bearing my name and Insurance Number and nothing else – no Insurance stamps, no franking stamps – just a virgin card with 52 empty spaces, 24 of them representing weeks already past. This card – like Jean Valjean's *carnet* – was yellow.

The ex-prisoner applying for a job can decide to be perfectly frank about the past and hope to find an employer sufficiently generous to give him a chance. This, however, is a very risky expedient. In spite of official appeals there are not many employers ready to take ex-prisoners if they are able to get someone of unblemished character. Those who will do so are usually prepared to offer only the most arduous and unpleasant jobs. Even when employment is given under these circumstances, there remains a sense of embarrassment on either side, and the newly-liberated man has a feeling of apprehension that if anything goes wrong, if anyone should mislay or lose anything, suspicious looks will be cast in his direction.

Small wonder, therefore, that most people prefer to say nothing of their immediate past. There remains, however, the formidable obstacle of the blank insurance card. This card must be produced to the prospective employer and an answer must be found to the inevitable question, 'What have you been doing lately?' At one time (pre-Welfare-State era) the ex-prisoner might have given one of several plausible answers. He could have said that he had been working on his own account. He might have hinted that he had had an unfortunate spell in hospital or, alternatively, been out of employment. Today, however, the ramifications of the Welfare State are so widespread that none of these answers is

Mortar boards, a shortage of

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plausible any more. The man working on his own account must now stamp his own card. The sick or unemployed man gets his card franked by the appropriate office and so maintains his pension and insurance rights.

What else can the ex-prisoner say? Most people temporise and say that they have lost their card and hope to get by for the time being. Any expedient is better than producing that damning virgin card. Most experienced personnel managers are well aware of these stratagems, and anyone failing to produce a card or producing an unstamped one is, whatever the excuse, viewed with the gravest suspicion.

An ex-prisoner who has experienced various rebuffs of this nature is very apt to feel that every man's hand is against him. Already possibly predisposed to bitterness, he easily comes to feel that society is not interested in his rehabilitation but would prefer to keep him down. He determines to fight back using the only weapons he knows how to use and so starts on the road back to the prison house.

Respectable folk, hearing of an ex-prisoner returning to jail after a short spell of liberty are apt to shrug their shoulders and say 'Back again – he must like it – these prisons must be homes from home!' I can assure them that it is not so. I have yet to meet anyone who likes it or anyone incarcerated who does not long for his liberty. I have seen many go out with every intention of making good and living down the past only to return a month or two later with another sentence to serve. The lack of a stamped-up insurance card is not, of course, responsible for all these failures but I am convinced that in many cases it is a strong contributory cause.

It does seem to savour of the ridiculous that one arm of the state should be expending large sums on subsidising After-Care Associations, Discharged Prisoners Aid Societies and salaries to welfare officers, all in order to assist ex-prisoners towards rehabilitation, whilst other ministries are by administrative action raising great obstacles in their path. The insurance card, be it noted, is not the only obstacle, though it is the most serious one. There is also the Form P45 which every employer must hand to a departing employee and which states his position as to PAYE for the current tax year. His 'Gross Pay' and 'Gross Tax Paid' since the start of the tax year must be given on this form. If the unfortunate dischargee has been imprisoned during the whole of the current financial year, the 'Gross Pay' is nil which, in the month of February, say, takes some explaining.

I am well aware that there are substantial administrative objections to the proposition that every discharged prisoner be given a stamped-up insurance card, but I feel certain that given goodwill and a real determination to find a solution these difficulties could be surmounted. After all, a man does work whilst he is serving a sentence. He does get paid for his work – albeit only a few shillings weekly. If that payment could be increased sufficiently to cover the cost of the insurance stamp, it would be no more than an act of justice. The punishment the court awards him is loss of liberty for a stated period. It is surely unfair that a secondary unstated punishment should be inflicted by jeopardising his insurance and pension position in failing to stamp his card whilst he is working for the state.

It can be argued, of course, that there is nothing to prevent a man stamping his own card – and indeed there is not – if he has the money to do it. Since the stamps at the full rate cost 18s 10d each, a man might well have to pay £20 or more in order to have a card stamped up to date. The percentage of discharged men who have that amount available to stamp a card must be very low indeed.

Apart from the social evil, the sheer economic waste of avoidable recidivism must be enormous. I don't know what it cost a week to keep Jean Valjean in jail but I do know it would cost a whole lot more to keep him there today. If the abolition of our 'Yellow Carnet' and other administrative road-blocks in the path of the ex-prisoner would help even a fraction of them to avoid returning to crime, then it would be not only socially desirable but also a sound, paying proposition.

Purissima Virgen

The mornings in the mountain village of Turre smell of spring, and there are tassels of cloud, white as salt, in the western sky. Near the inn an old man is selling nuts, fruit and cinnamon seeds, a perfect breakfast washed down with a glass of brandy. On Sunday the villagers edge around the inn, peering inside, not drinking. The village dogs do their rounds, sniffing on the floors of the five bars, scrumping sausage skins, visiting the gypsies (cautiously), back to the bars, urinating at the butchers, back to the gypsies. The schoolmaster flexes his fingers, feels dry as a kiln. There is an hour's organ at the church.

Don Juan Tenovio, the tailor, is as discreetly dressed as a marquis, wears dark glasses and rakes the Sunday street for flowers. It is possible to drink at a bar round the corner, and I go there. The bells ring. They clang into the little bar like old spinsters who wait for Sunday as for a beautiful bridegroom. They whisper like muslim girls and mice; they bang and roar and rattle like skeletons. They knock like saints. It is their day. They will not be silent. The bell-ringer knows all the tricks and flays every nerve in the narrow white streets. 'Another brandy, please,' I said.

The *alguacil* entered the bar. He was in full uniform, and I hardly recognised him. 'What are you doing here?' he shouted. He was a small man, dark as a nut; but he reminded me of some sort of sergeant-major, until his face crumpled into the warm rough cloth of Andalusia.

'Just having a drink,' I said.

'It's enough,' he shouted. 'Off to Mass!'

To Mass. When had I last been to church? To the cold walls, the creaking, the sneezing, the chanting, the sacrifice wrapped in cough-mixture and moth balls, the unseen, unfelt, unheard, prophylactic rite?

'Come on,' cried the *alguacil*. 'Everyone to Mass. No loiterers.'

I finished the brandy and followed him up to the church. We were joined by a *Guardia Civil*. At the church porch, the *Guardia Civil* gave me a hard look. 'Have you your papers in order?' he said.

'My papers?' I said. I could already smell the incense, a spring of holiness was gushing down from the *Sierra*, the oranges were burning, the pigs were dancing for the feast. 'All are in order,' I said. It was like asking your grandfather, it was like asking the children under the table. Me? Now?

'He's alright,' shouted the *alguacil*, 'except on a donkey. His feet are too large.' The *Guardia Civil* still held me with his eye, then relaxed, the organ music rolled and cascaded to the porch door, I entered and stood beside the *alguacil* and his son. The congregation was divided rigidly into two parts. Behind sat the men and boys, then a gap, then the women and girls. The service was quite short; there was a sermon about the nobility of women, gained with difficulty, lost with ease, ruined with a careless gesture. Something about public benches. Then the organ music rippled through the church, oddly impressionistic, a mixture of De Falla and Debussy. I could imagine the large florid schoolmaster dreaming over his instrument, haunted by the north, by romantic mists and white castles, by golden-haired witches, and then gradually returning, down a silver ladder of chords, to the God in the olive grove. There was an announcement about the Purissima Carmen, the Virgin of Mohacar, who was arriving that afternoon (God willing) to be housed in the Church of Turre, according to custom, for a certain number of days.

I had heard about the village of Mohacar in Almeria at the office of tourism. 'Very remarkable,' said the official. 'Veiled women. Still Moorish, you understand. For instance, the women wash the clothes under their bare feet.'

'Very interesting,' I said. A fetichist's paradise. I had a strong impression that the official, like many Spanish office-hidalgos, had never been near the village. Such Spaniards abhor the villages, the rough *typico*, even the sea, which they taste only during August when the sun licks the streets. Still, that was why, eventually, I found myself in Turre, which was only some four miles from Mohacar. I stayed in Turre for day after day, never quite summoning courage to make the short trip to the Moorish village, because of the sarcasm of my friends, the tailor, the schoolmaster, the judge and the doctor.

'Find yourself a happy corner in Andalusia,' said Don Juan Tenovio, the tailor, 'and don't move. Mohacar is death. You'll come back like a stung donkey.'

At last I went. I travelled by donkey, which is the taxi of the Pierra. You travel along a fairly dull and incredibly rough road for nearly an hour, and then suddenly, high up above, is the Moorish village. It loses itself again, and then reappears. By this time the landscape has completely changed. It is no part of Spain which one has ever known. Surrounding the mountain in which Mohacar is perched, are a series of miniature truncated volcanos and a huge, dry river bed ending in a sea which, for the first time, is 'wine-dark.' It blisters the eyes. The November sea is trapped with a terrible heat; and one wanders beside ochre cliffs, which are haunted by the ageless songs of trolls – or are they birds? They seem to murmur in their cool caves with a threatening sweetness, and at times I stood, uncertain, should I or should I not go and be eaten? Then, without warning, the stony road leads abruptly to the right, uphill, over rocks and stones and begins its steep climb to the village.

Certainly it was Moorish. I have lived in Morocco, and none of these winding, white streets are unfamiliar to me. The donkey, accompanied by a small boy related to the *alguacil*, stopped in the square, where there was a breathless view of the plain and the volcanos and the purple ring of the sea. I had introductions to the father of the mayor, and to a chemist and a few others. I had a drink in the bar of the square, but no one else was drinking. You could cut the hostility

Bob Cham came to London

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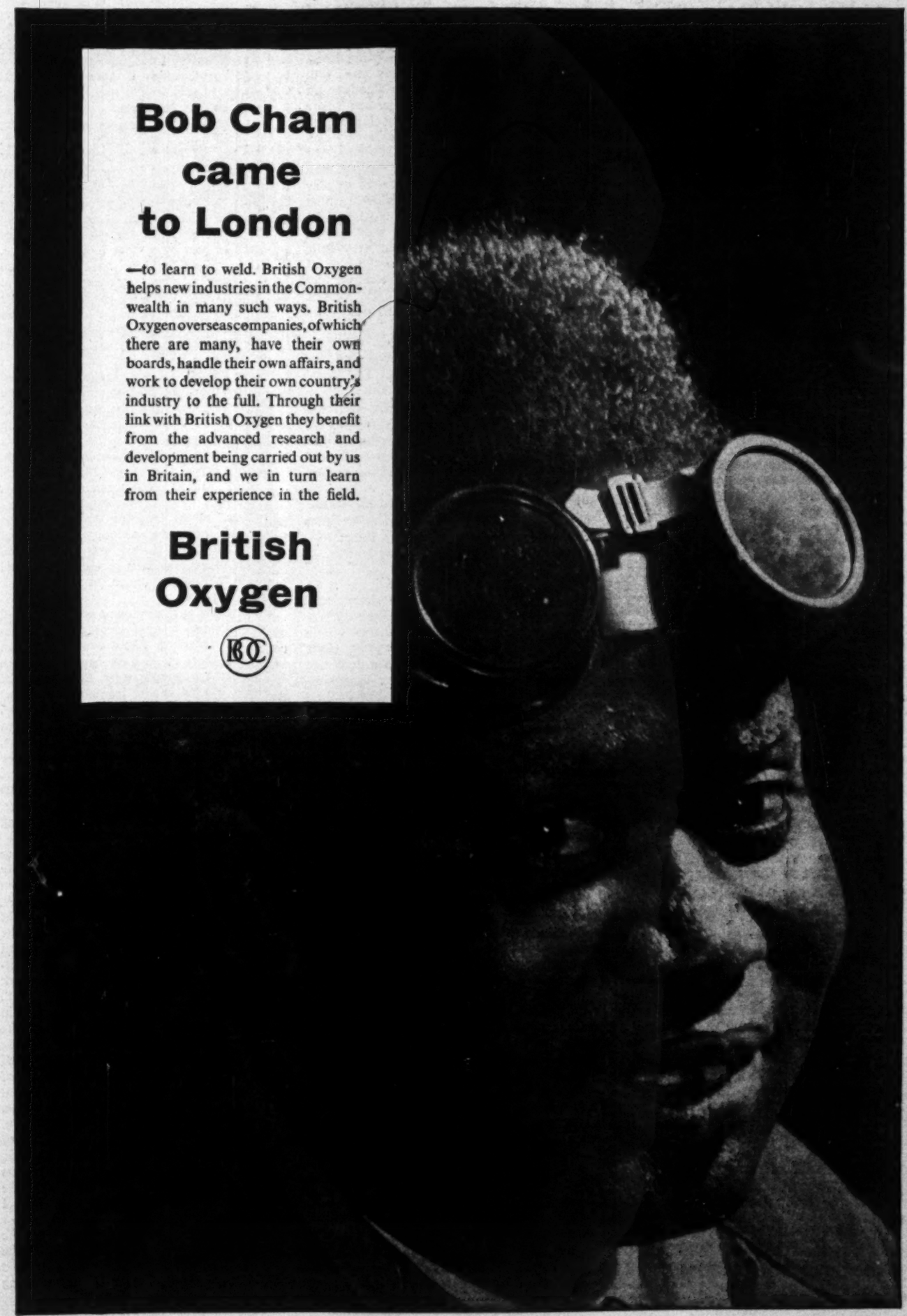

with a knife. I asked for a lavatory. 'There,' said the owner of the bar, pointing outside the door. I entered a sort of shack, full of donkeys and the black pigs they call Chinamen, large pigs snorting like demons. I ran out and returned to the bar.

'A *lavatory*,' I insisted.

Again the owner of the bar took me outside, and again pointed to the door, shouting what I knew to be insults, but the words were swallowed up by the snorting of the pigs. I returned to the den, evacuated face to face with the patient ass and the snoring pig, returned and drank some wine. No one else was drinking anything except coffee or Coca-cola, and at my third glass, I could feel a battery of eyes on my neck. Wine flows freely in Turre, accelerating at moon-rise and fountaining past midnight in the Frenchman's bar and the tiled cafe; but here, evidently, Morocco began. I walked up the winding streets towards the house of the Mayor's father. Children spat at me as I passed, and an old woman made the sign of the cross. In front of the house of the Mayor's father was another horde of children, and they started spitting too. 'What a hideous man,' shouted one of the boys.

I knocked at the door, and someone shouted: 'Who and what?'

'The Mayor's father,' cried an old man who had suddenly appeared from nowhere.

'The Mayor's father is at the new cinema,' shouted the voice. The old man passed me on to an old woman and we wandered along the mad, rocky streets until we reached a house which two young workmen were destroying with pickaxes. The house was filled with a mountain of huge stones. 'Get the Mayor's father,' said the old woman trembling; 'It's for senor, the foreigner.'

'F— senor the foreigner,' shouted one of the young men, flourishing the pickaxe.

Eventually the Mayor's father appeared. He was a charming, gentle elderly man, with a touch of the professor. We walked to his house and sat on his flowery terrace where a huge violent blue sea almost jumped to the eyes. The Mayor's father was a very rich man, he owned land to the five horizons. We were joined by the chemist, a young man compact with irony, and they started to play an 18th-century villanelle, the elder man at the piano, the younger one plucking the *bandurria*. Then we went for a walk. It was a small crumbling village, with very little solid to see, but one was almost aware of ghosts, of something sharp, secretive and penetrating vanishing around the corner. Suddenly the village ended in ruins and rubbish. But the view below took your breath away. The enormous sea, the little volcanos, the purples and greens and the orange scratch of the river bed. 'The view,' I said, dramatically, 'and the ruins?'

'They all went away to America and God knows where,' said the Mayor's father. We clambered down to the fountain. There was a splashing of water and a glimmering of green light. Women were washing clothes and whispering old tales. Some wore long flowing black shawls, with a hint of Arabia.

'But do they wash the clothes under their bare feet?' I asked the Mayor's father.

'Hardly any now,' he said.

'And the veils.'

'Hardly any now,' he repeated.

'And the weaving?' I asked desperately.

'I will show you the weaving,' he said.

We entered a small shed. Inside was a hand-weaving machine, and it was being operated by a stout woman with a dedicated face. She might just as well have been singing or playing the piano. With slow deliberate deftness she manipulated the bobbins, adding gradual millimetres to a violent barbaric garment, scarlet, green, purple, and shouting yellow. 'A *fiesta* dress,' she said.

I felt myself drowning in the colours. I had an insane desire to buy it. 'Is it for sale?' I asked.

'Certainly.' She named a price, absurdly low, something like ten shillings. But who could I give it to? I could think of no single woman who could wear it. A black girl dancing on an ivory table? Astarte drinking champagne among the cities in the blazing sun? Not one of a succession of faces could suit this ferocious dress, this volcano in exquisite eruption.

'She is the weaving industry,' said the Mayor's father, pointing to the great, patient woman.

Before retiring to bed, I returned to the bar in the square, accompanied by the young chemist and one of his friends. People were still drinking coffee, and the chemist ordered two Coca-colas. The moon over Mohacar was nailed to a violet sky; the white houses gleamed like pears, and the sea danced with diamonds. There was a sudden sweet stab of song; girls' voices ringed the hill as they walked down the lane to the valley. While I was standing there, a man joined me. 'You English?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Not much here,' he said. 'Everyone goes. To eat.' He made the Spanish sign of eating, and the other sign, rubbing the fingers together, of money. 'Do you know who went from here and became famous?'

'Who,' I asked.

'Walt Disney.'

'Walt Disney?' I said, amazed.

'Certainly. His name was Jose Guiarado Zamora. Adopted. Look at him now.' Again he made a violent sign of money, and almost stuffed his fingers in his mouth to indicate a life of endless banquets.

After the church service, we set to drinking in the three bars, I had lunch, a short sleep, and we set off for the procession, in order to meet the *Purissima Virgen* about half-way from Mohacar. The *alguacil*, loaded with fireworks, took me in charge; and when we reached the village road he left me, sitting on the bank, while he went to feed the pigs entrusted to him by a sister living in France. While I waited for him, the people from Turre began arriving, in ones, in twos, in tens and hundreds. Finally the priest and the Mayor arrived. The priest sat on a chair in the middle of the road reading his breviary. He was a small man, living in his own Gothic world, with a name for mysticism, not everyone's meat in Turre; but he was backed stoutly by the musical schoolmaster and the young intellectuals. For the true, welcoming speech for the Virgin, a priest was arriving from far away, the old priest of Turre, a man you could touch, confide in, laugh with, invite to a drink. The Mayor, elegant, young, full of a strange cosmopolitan bonhomie, held invisible strings attached to nearly all the village, to the laughing young girls, the sober old men, the darting minnows of children, the black-garbed women, who had lost their shape and their passion but gained haloes in the kitchen and in the tears of their small dark rooms.

The country around glowed with silver and green and rose, a light clear and soft, reflected and reflecting. Christ could have been born here; there could have been news from the Sierra; the people were the people of Nazareth briefed in the legend; a king was being born. This was not a product of thought, of the effort to dramatise, but a sharp vision in the impurity of my heart, since all here stood in their places. Now the procession was approaching, a band of children singing, then the young women brave as larks and an artillery of fireworks. It was a picnic, a pagan rite, a river cleaning the spirit.

At the head of the gathering, bearing the Virgin, strode the priest of Mohacar, a burly young man like a rugby forward. Urging on the crowd to cheer the approaching Virgin, he ran backwards and forwards, peering at faces, waving his arms, whipping up the fever until the cheers and clapping drowned the explosions of the fireworks. A boy suddenly tripped and fell in a ditch. A firework narrowly missed a house ('For your benefit', said the *alguacil*), and then we were back in Turre, and the *Purissima Virgen* entered the church.

'People of Turre', cried the priest of Mohacar, a Hercules in the pulpit, 'People of Turre, may you be eternally thanked and praised for sheltering the Virgin of Mohacar. Wonderful, noble, excellent people of Turre, we thank you for ever and ever! People of Mohacar who have entered this noble church, I call on you to cheer and cheer salutations to the people of Turre.' Cheers rang to the roof, and echoed through the rafters. I looked through the church doors and saw the *alguacil*. He grinned at me, took the cigarette out of his mouth, applied it to the fuse of the last remaining firework, and it roared up to the sky. Up to the white homing pigeons and the first silver star.

ANTHONY CARSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Thicker Than Water

ANY critic who attacks Corot does so at his own risk. This is not because Corot was a giant. Clearly he wasn't. It is because in one way or another Corot has won his modest way into the hearts of all those who love painting. For the very sentimental, those for whom all art is a Swan Lake, there are the nymphs beneath the birches (silver); for the realists there are his pellucid landscape sketches coming between Constable and the Impressionists; for the romantics there are his nudes in the grass studio; for the classicists there are his Italianate muses in costume; and for the moralists there is the man himself, his humility, his great generosity, his keeping of Daumier after that dangerous seer had gone blind, his support for Millet's widow, his friendliness and helpfulness to all but the pretentious.

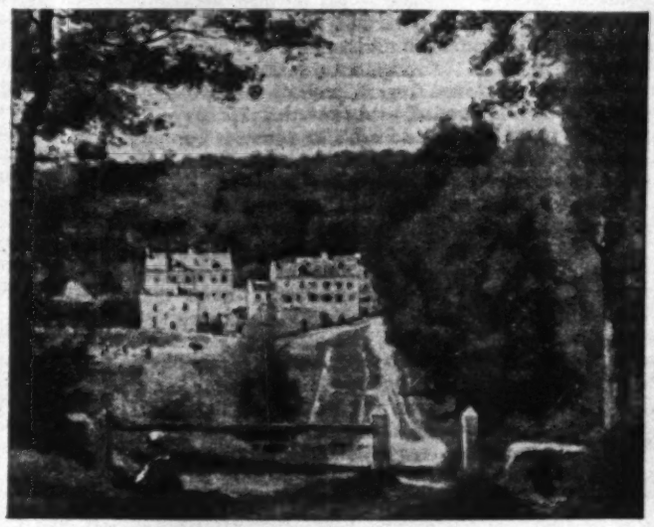
In fact I have no wish to attack Corot. To attack such a man is a form of historical hooliganism. What I do want to do is to define his art and give his gifts their proper name. The excellent Corot exhibition recently at Berne, which included a hundred, mostly small, paintings from all periods of his life, made me think hard about this proper name. What I have to say is not original. But it is too often forgotten.

Corot was initially a weak draughtsman. He got by with making notations. A little mark here connected with a little mark there. He was unable to grasp his subjects. He was like a mouse trying to come to terms with an elephant. In his early Italian landscape sketches, which he painted on the spot and which certain Corot purists claim as his best work, this always seems to me to be very evident. There is also their marvellous tonal accuracy which allows them to cup the air in their hands. But Corot's eye for tone was again an eye for comparison: this tone here with that tone there. It is still a form of piecemeal notation, of matching and pinning. True, the influence of Poussin makes him stop before one scene rather than another, but it does not embolden him to take any liberties for the sake of art with what Nature presents him.

Up to about 1840 you can see the same thing in his figure paintings. Even in his exquisite portraits of children. I nevertheless say 'exquisite' because the large burly Corot is on his hands and knees, on exactly the same level as his models, putting their small shapes down on to the canvas as tentatively as a small girl might enter a dark room, and such matter-of-fact gentleness is exquisite. But the painting is still frail: frail like a much darned garment. It is still piecemeal mending and stitching.

Then in the middle 1840s, when Corot himself is nearly 50, he achieves mastery in his craft. To himself the change was perhaps imperceptible. But to us it is clear. It is no longer a question of stitching. He can now cut the material to his own measure. He now sees his figures complete from their very inception. Consequently they have their due weight. Their patient hands really lie in their laps as they dream or read. In his own shy way he can now even afford to be extravagant. He pins distracting, eye-catching decorations upon them, a garland of leaves catching the light, a flutter of loose material by the bodice, an emphasised red stripe in the skirt, and these charming frivolities do not destroy the form or seriousness of the figure as a whole.

In his landscapes, as in the one on this page of his own house at Ville d'Arvay, he intensifies the atmosphere. His earlier landscapes are topographical insofar as everyone can plan his own route across them. In the landscapes of this period you must follow Corot. You must enter at that moment of delight at which he entered. Here it is, surely, five o'clock on a summer afternoon. (This question of Corot's paintings recapturing the *specific* moment of discovery is far more relevant to his relationship with the Impressionists than the mere fact that he painted out of doors; it also relates him to later painters like Bonnard and Sickert.)



Within ten years of acquiring this mastery, Corot became successful. And, instead of using his mastery, instead of making discoveries that could really have extended human awareness (as Géricault had done and Courbet was doing), he relapsed. He started his prodigious production of *salon* nymphs and glades. These were gauze and chiffon work, tacked together with flimsy, loose threads. They had neither the virtue of the darning nor the energy of the cutting period. They were consolations. He wrote:

> In the next room there is a pretty girl who comes and goes at my will. She is Folly, my invisible companion, whose youth is eternal and whose fidelity never wearies.

Why was Corot at first so excessively tentative, and then why, when he could have taken huge steps forward, did he draw back? It would be quite unjust to say that he sold out. Despite his great success, he still believed in what he was doing. As a man he still impressed everyone by his purity. And out of his sales, whilst living modestly himself, he financed all his good works and charities.

No, the answer is more subtle and less insulting. Corot remained a petit bourgeois. Matching, pinning, sewing, he was never quite able to shake off the effect of his father's drapery business and his mother's dress-shop.

In 1846 when Corot was decorated with the Legion of Honour, his father – according to Théophile Sylvestre – at first thought the cross was for himself:

> When he realised that the government had deigned to cast a benevolent eye on his son, who at fifty was still not earning enough to pay for his colours, he said: 'My son – a man who has been decorated has duties towards society. I hope that you will understand them. Your negligent dress is unsuitable for one who wears the red ribbon in his buttonhole.' A little later he said to his wife: 'I think we ought to give a little more money to Camille.'

Corot was certainly not the epitome of the petit bourgeois, as was his father. Indeed this is specifically denied by those who knew him. 'His naive familiarity stops at exactly where that of the jovial commercial traveller would start.' He must have hated his family's way of life. But his reaction to it was to absent himself in dreams, in modest celibacy, in virtue – just as he absents his favourite models in reverie. I am not suggesting he was a prig – if he were, how could he have been a friend of Daumier's? He was a petit bourgeois only in his refusal to speculate on how the world could be changed. This explains why he was timid without being a coward. Instead of questioning, he set out to make his own peace, to avoid all contradictions. He knew it himself: 'Delacroix is an eagle and I'm only a lark. I sing little songs in my grey clouds.' He reveals it unconsciously when he says: 'Charity is a still more beautiful thing than talent. Besides one benefits the other. If you have a kind heart, your work will show it.' How comfortably without contradictions that '*Besides*' is!

Corot was tentative as an artist for so long because his true but excessive modesty was his answer to his class's hypocritical obsequiousness. After all he was not really a mouse trying to come to terms with an elephant. As a landscape artist he should have been a man imposing order on nature. He drew back halfway through his career because to have gone on would have meant being involved in revolutionary changes. Impressionism was an art with a totally new basis, and it was Impressionism that stared him in the face – it was his own art that was leading him to it. His devotion to Poussin combined with his determination to be faithful to nature could conceivably even have led him beyond Impressionism to prophesy Cézanne. There are hints in Corot's work of so much that was to come later, but they are the unconscious hints of a man who preferred not to see what was happening, what was changing around him.

He knew after all what had befallen Daumier, Géricault, Millet, even Delacroix, and he might have guessed what was going to happen to the Impressionists. Nevertheless he could still, in the second half of the nineteenth century, write:

> If painting is a madness, it is a sweet madness which men should not merely forgive but seek out. Seeing my bright looks and my health, I defy anyone to find traces of worry,

ambition or remorse, which hollow the faces of so many poor mortals. That is why one should love the art which procures calm, moral contentment and even health for those who know how to balance their lives.

For others of the same class it has been vegetarianism, spiritualism, teetotalism . . .

Corot was a lovable man. At his best he was an artist of minor genius, comparable to, say, Manet. And let me add – with the due modesty that ought to precede such a statement – thta Corot has contributed to many people's happiness.

JOHN BERGER

Jean Renoir

SOME YEARS AGO I met a young man who had seen *Partie de Campagne* twenty-six times. That addiction isn't quite mine, but if I had to choose a film director for a desert isle I should pick Renoir. His thirty-seven films would contain a good half never before seen; he started before Clair, flourished more or less during his war exile, and at 65 communicates the joy and astonishment of an artist who has never got caught up in the works. The machinery of life grows ever more complicated, and of all arts cinema is the most mechanical. Renoir has never been in awe of the machine, or let it come between him and his instinct; rather, it is like an old car for which one has a bundling affection. In naturalism he remains natural; his technical triumph is to make films as personally as Forster writes novels.

The surprise of his new film, *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, which comes to the Cameo-Poly after its initiation at South Bank, is that it should be a satire-idyll of the Fridge Age advanced by a few stages. Suppose the world hasn't blown itself up. Science is in the pulpit, girls dream of AID, its principal exponent is to be the first president of Europe. To celebrate his engagement to the Commandant of the new continental girl-guide movement – an elongated blonde – a picnic is arranged in the woods. Full summer with its green chapels, waving hay, vines being sprayed, and a mountain or the Mediterranean in the distance form the venue for the sleek cars, the few words sealing the occasion. But aren't they running a risk? Sure enough there are campers near; an old pedlar with a goat who looks down from a ruin and blows his flute. The inhabitants know what that means: a mistral peculiar to the spot, that will whip up leaves and skirts and, who knows, set the electrons dancing in the most well-regulated organism. Dismay gives way to Orgy; human guinea-pigs suddenly get on their hind legs; the President-to-be finds himself enchanted by a girl bathing in the shallows. In a disgraceful interlude, in which love, laziness, trees, the blue sky, and frogs in pools do their worst, he is first puzzled, then converted. He may slip back but the end can't be doubted. Europe's first President won't be the philosophic marionette all Europe has voted for.

It's funny, wayward, beautiful in a loose and sometimes argumentative way that only Renoir could make spell-binding. His sylvan rapture is wholly infectious, if at times held too long; the spree exhilarates, wears thin, revives; like an April day it chases mood with mood, and delight gets a wetting. Mixed joy, but the impulse isn't of the kind shortcomings can damage. A lyricism in which fat men and food play their part as well as the black-browed Renoir beauty in the glade, brings us the liveliest spirits and the best colour we have had even from Renoir (though characteristically, some of the interiors seem among the worst). Casting (who won't fall in love with Catherine Rouvel?), camera-work (Georges Leclerc), light and shade and intoxication are all Renoir's.

Very different was the climate when, in 1939, he set out to make in *La Règle du Jeu* a *'drame gai'*. Into a plot about the artificialities of high living, with a 'messenger of love' from Musset and something of Figaro's night in the garden, circumstance winds the war threat, the violence that is to disrupt a sunniness enjoyed on borrowed time. The result is quite extraordinary: tragi-comedy that thrills and chills, with Renoir himself, a clown sobering up, in the chief part. The French Festival on South Bank has enabled me to see it twice again. It gains with familiarity. For long stretches the film is masterly: the shoot in the birch-woods bringing death to the pastoral in sustained passages of great beauty; then at night, theatricals and a *danse macabre* with mechanical piano churning out Saint-Saëns, and the menacing figure of the game-keeper, now with a revolver threatening more than his wife's lover. The timing and pace of the various love-hate pursuits in this country-house party have a diabolical edge. The final wriggles of plot may be as artificial as anything in Wilde; but then, often with curious effect, the whole involvement enlarges the heart-beat in artificiality. It isn't in Renoir's nature to produce A Masterpiece: even *Partie de Campagne* has the air of a lyric fragment. But once a week, on my lonely island, I shall sit down and review *La Règle du Jeu*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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New Experiments for Old

IN the second number of *New Theatre Magazine* John Arden comes out strongly for two unpopular causes: theatrical artificiality in place of the now compulsory naturalism, and a rough Dionysian poetry instead of the drawing-room formalities of Eliot's cocktail-party manners. *The Happy Haven* (Bristol University Drama Studio) is his latest experiment in putting these principles into practice. The occasion is equally experimental: a joint production of the Bristol Old Vic and the University Drama Department, where Arden holds a fellowship in playwriting; William Gaskill of the English Stage Company has been imported to direct it. All in all, a surprising amount of talent is mustered in a tiny theatre.

Arden is still an author in search of a style but, refreshingly, he can't be bothered to do the same thing twice. In *Serjeant Musgrave* he tried Büchner for size; now he has moved on to the more brittle impersonality of *Paid On Both Sides*, *The Dance of Death* and the Auden-Isherwood moralities. He uses the same trappings: grotesque masks and scientific paraphernalia, huge syringes and huger babies, a farcical but knowing psychology and, occasionally, bright galloping verse. The theme, too, is Audenesque: a fierce satire on the morality, or brutalisation, of the scientific bureaucrats. The Happy Haven is a home for the aged run by a ghastly, brisk, rugger-playing, back-slapping scientist (a fine piece of parody by Peter Bowles), who is searching for an elixir to rejuvenate the old. His guinea-pigs are five terrible ancients in various stages of vicious decay. He sergeant-majors them around (whatever the occasion, Arden can't get away from the parade-ground) and they scheme among themselves. In the end, they revolt, inject him with his own serum and turn him into a vast, obscene baby for the benefit of the equally obscene, blood-sucking mother among them.

Though the externals may be Auden's, *The Happy Haven* is, nevertheless, a much more powerful personal statement than *Musgrave*. The reason, I think, is that Arden needs this hardness and impersonality. For people disgust him, they fill him with horror. The only human condition he really responds to is indignity. He hates the lot of them, the scientist and the crocks, with their grasping pettiness and pretensions, their self-absorption, their machinations and bowel-movements, their lusts, itches and brutalities. He sees them all with the clear, exact horror of a nightmare. He needs masks, in short, because he can deal only in grotesques. In *Musgrave* this disgust was, in a sense, muffled by the serious theme, the Büchner-like attempts at psychological depth and an over-solemn production. In the deliberate externality of *The Happy Haven* there is nothing to hamper the flow of his bile, so that it becomes, by the force of his considerable fluency, a powerful imaginative statement. It was immensely helped by Gaskill's witty, inventive, fast-paced direction and a good cast, particularly Annette Crosbie and, his unfortunate accent apart, William Thomley. Arden may still be looking for his own style, but he gets better with every experiment.

Not so William Saroyan. In *Who's Who* he stated that he 'has no intention of ever working again, as it bores him'. This was painfully obvious in *Sam – the Highest Jumper of Them All* (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E). It was written, apparently, from the cast's improvisations, for which Saroyan didn't

even bother to provide a plot. All is excused by a vague appeal to 'experimental drama' and an even vaguer appeal to Life. 'Nothing', someone exclaims, 'is better than to be born'. And very little, may I add, is worse than Saroyan's boring, pretentious, yea-saying sentimentality. There was a tear glittering behind each mildly symbolic piece of whimsy, for Life and Folk, you see, are OK if only the politicians would leave them alone or try to understand. Nothing much else came across except the author's delight at having picked up so much local colour in such a short stay! I doubt if even Joan Littlewood could have turned the thing into drama. Saroyan didn't even try; his direction was slow to the point of paralysis and the unfortunate cast were so busy improvising they had no time to act.

A. ALVAREZ

High Wind From Africa

TELEVISION has been at least as alert as the press to the main crisis of the day. There can hardly now be the same apathy about Africa that the pollsters found last October. For the first three evenings of this week the BBC, borrowing Mr Macmillan's phrase, broadcast a series of documentaries by Denis Mitchell, *The Wind of Change;* they showed a South African country town, Potgietersrust, a farm near Johannesburg, and a young, 'westernised' Masai in Dar-es-Salaam. On Monday – at a peak hour, for once, so perhaps all our nagging does have some effect – ITV took the commercial risk of cancelling Hughie Green's *Double Your Money* to make room for *Divided Union*, an hour-long report on South Africa; and this had hardly ended when Robin Day, now with the BBC, was giving on *Panorama* his own version of the same story. *Difficile est proprie communia dicere* – but I have found what I have seen of these productions surprisingly diverse in content and of high quality. British television may be said, in this respect, to be living up to its responsibilities.

One familiar criticism of the whole set-up is that the coming of commercial television has not in fact ensured genuine competition. It is hardly for those who favour free competition to grumble when the enterprise of one or other of the television rivals secures that rare treasure, a scoop of major news value. Yet John Gordon of the *Sunday Express* (a paper not notoriously adverse from scoop-hunting) attacks the ITA for 'criminal irresponsibility' in allowing Associated-Rediffusion to bring Dr Banda to London, fresh from jail, and to devote to him last week's edition of *This Week*. Mr Gordon says, rightly, that 'the political power of television' must be 'fairly used', but adds that 'here we have Dr Banda being permitted to use it to embarrass the government'. I can only take it that Mr Gordon did not see the programme in question, and relied for his idea of it on the brief report in the *Daily Express*, which – sulking, perhaps, after being done out of an interview by superior jungle tactics at the airport – stayed away from the open press conference that formed the greater part of the programme; for if he had seen it, he would have know that many of the questions put to Dr Banda were tough, even hostile, and that some formal 'balance', at any rate, was thus ensured.

But surely we are getting away from a rigid and literal (and futile) insistence on the time allotted to the actual party politicals. As in the case of Dr Banda, balance can be achieved, (as it sometimes is in the BBC's *Press Conference*, of which Mr Gordon has not, I think, complained) by matching a controversial politician with interviewers critical of his point of view. Or it can be achieved (as with the party politicals) not in each programme but over a period. If *This Week* (or *Panorama*) could scoop its rivals and the press by getting Sir Roy Welensky into its studio and subjecting him to a similar ordeal, I should be all for it.

Having been involved in the Banda press conference (which was more like a real press conference than *Press Conference* is, and therefore less contrived and concentrated, but scrappier and chancier), I don't know how it came over as television; but those who saw it seem to share our studio impression of Dr Banda – rumbustious, sometimes witty, tempestuous, a real high wind from Nyasaland.

Of all these Africana, what remains most searingly in my mind, (apart from the BBC's grim Sunday-night close-ups of Dr Verwoerd holding his bleeding head) is the series of comments, by the Boers of Potgietersrust, on their Bantu slaves and neighbours: 'We are worrying too much about the native question . . . we are treating them very well, up to their standards.' 'Well you see, chappie, the native actually has a one-track mind'. 'The average native, to my mind, is a very good fellow, if he's left to those who know how to handle him.' Then, 'they're at the *baby stage* of civilisation' – and this phrase 'baby stage' was taken up, re-echoed, and intensified, like a schoolboys' chant of derision, while the cameras, having shown us African children at school, and play, showed us white teenage oafs rah-rah-rahing like campus defectives.

TOM DRIBERG

Music Today, at the Royal Festival Hall

The Music Today concert in the Recital Room on 5 April included the first performance of Harrison Birtwistle's *Monody for Corpus Christi* – a setting of two sacred texts for soprano, flute, horn and violin, sung by Dorothy Dorow and conducted by John Carewe. The texts and the small ensemble may remind us of the important role which religious verse played in Webern's development towards strict twelve-note technique (Op. 15-18), but the substance of the work is far removed from Webern. Even the title is a disavowal of the principles of that intensely polyphonic composer. The broad melodic gestures in the *Monody* suggest something of the cantabile writing of Messiaen, though nothing of his harmonic background. There are, however, strong modal implications in the work's serial writing, and these contribute valuably to the work's distinct poetic character. The first work of Birtwistle's to attract attention was his *Refrains and Choruses* for wind quintet, a piece whose lyrical charm survived occasional uncertainties of style and form. Although ostensibly an instrumental work, it revealed a type of talent (rare in the advanced music of today) which seemed most likely to fulfil itself in vocal music. The ideas were spontaneous and unhackneyed, the feeling for sound was unusually delicate. The *Monody* has the same delicacy, but some of the spontaneity has been lost in the process of achieving greater consistency. The form itself seems somewhat forced, and is certainly over-ambitious. The first (vocal) section builds up very successfully, but the set of instrumental variations which form the second section emphasise rather than relieve the static quality of invention, with the result that the final section (vocal once again) is less welcome than it deserves to be. The static element in the music is expressive and well moulded, but the composer has yet to evolve its dynamic and form-making counterpart. However, the ground he has covered should prove fertile, for he has imagination and individuality.

D.D.

ITV EVERY MONDAY 6.10 p.m.

WHO GOES NEXT?

RICHARD CROSSMAN
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
PETER THORNEYCROFT

★

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Where is paper's greatest future in packaging– protection or display?

Altogether no less than 42½ per cent of Britain's total output of paper and paperboard products is used for packaging the nation's consumer goods and the materials needed by industry and agriculture.

Where does paper's greatest future in packaging lie? As a functional material or as window-dressing?

This article sets out to answer this question and to discuss the opportunities of Britain's paper industry in this continuing '*Packaging Revolution*'.

PAPER'S SUPREME ASSET

An observer gazing into a modern supermarket, with its bewildering diversity of colourful product packs, might be forgiven for supposing that paper owes its supremacy as a packaging material mainly to its display and merchandising qualities.

There is indeed some justification for this viewpoint. But as will be discussed in detail later, sheer merchandising ability is only one of the many natural advantages which paper and paperboard products possess. Undoubtedly, their supreme asset is that they are inherently capable of progressive technological improvements. This, above all else, has made paper perhaps the most versatile of all the materials upon which modern society depends and has led to the development of the whole vast range of modern packaging products.

THE PRODUCT MAKES THE PACK

Nowadays, packaging products made from paper and board literally keep the nation's economy moving. Our raw materials are transported and stored in them. Our consumer products are protected by them and marketed in them. The variety of different types of 'pack' is endless, ranging from tailor-made multiwall paper sacks to simple paper bags, from intricately designed corrugated cases to ingenious folding cartons.

In fact, it is true to say that there are as many packs as there are products, since each product needs a pack that combines, in the correct degree, functional properties of protection, convenience and hygiene.

Just what are the advantages which have made paper and board ideal for modern packaging? They are hygienic. They provide strength and protection without being costly. They can be readily 'made-up' in a wide variety of shapes, strengths and sizes. They are easily transportable and easily disposable after use. They are particularly suitable for printing, including colour printing. Furthermore, they lend themselves well to use with other modern materials such as plastics and resins.

Due to the successful technical exploitation of all these qualities, a veritable 'Packaging Revolution' has taken place.

Reed statistics show that, over the last ten years, the market for paper and board packaging products has increased by as much as 100 per cent. It is confidently predicted that this expansion will continue.

PAPER GETS THE SACK

Perhaps the most striking of the many developments which have taken place has been in bulk packaging. Here specialised paper products have become the standard containers for a vast range of products.

Multiwall paper sacks, for example, have largely replaced conventional sacks for the bulk packaging of many free-flowing

products. These include cement, fertilisers, chemicals and animal foods; also human foods such as sugar and salt.

Perhaps the most important reasons why so many industries today prefer these low-cost containers are the strength, hygiene and protection achieved by their multi-ply structure. Tailor-made qualities, such as 'wet strength', can easily be built in by incorporating specialised papers to suit customer's requirements. Paper sacks are also very easy to fill, highly suitable for mechanical handling, and possess exceptional stacking properties.

AN EXPANDING MARKET

The marketing of paper sacks was pioneered in Britain by a Reed Paper Group Company, Medway Paper Sacks Limited, who have also originated many successive technical improvements in their production.

The market is still expanding rapidly, both in existing and new product categories. It includes many goods which formerly could only be sold seasonally but now, because of their greater storage life in paper sacks, can be stockpiled and marketed all the year round.

SPECIALISED PROTECTION AT LOW COST

Multiwall paper sacks, of course, are only one instance of the adaptability of paper in modern bulk packaging. No less impressive has been the technical development of the corrugated cases which today are used as 'outers' for packaging so many canned foods, bottled goods and other manufactured products. Also as individual packs for articles such as household goods, TV tubes, and fragile instruments. They have many of the same virtues as paper sacks. But their low-cost, tailor-made protection is due to structural design and the internal cushioning achieved by the corrugating process.

The market for these versatile, non-returnable containers is still expanding. A major recent success has been their widespread adoption for the bulk transit of eggs.

Parallel with the development of corrugated cases, there has been that of solid fibreboard cases. These strong yet inexpensive containers are widely used for bulk packaging various somewhat heavier goods, particularly those which do not demand the specialised cushioning effect of corrugated cases.

SELLING THROUGH 'EYE-APPEAL'

So far then, packaging seems to be far from mere window-dressing! But what of the many forms of retail packaging with which the housewife is so familiar? The vast array of gaily competing cartons. The paper tubes, the waxed bread wrappers. The colourful wrapping papers and carrier bags. The many attractive coated or 'glossy' packs, incorporating plastics or foil laminates, which have developed so greatly since the war.

With most of these, without question, packaging's sheer 'eye-appeal' qualities prominently hold the stage. They are likely, and are intended, to influence the woman in her choice between one competing product and another. But they are not window-dressing alone. Primarily today's packaging is hygienic, protective and convenient—as well as being glamorous—and it is this combination of qualities which today's housewife recognizes and welcomes.

WHO DOES THE DRESSING?

The truth then is that the merchandising qualities of paper packaging products, however important, are literally superimposed on their functional merits. They are put there not by the retailer, who turns them to advantage in his shop. Not by the wholesaler, who acts mainly as a link in distribution. But by the manufacturer, who nowadays has assumed the main responsibility for breaking down goods from bulk. It is he who, because of increased competition in the retail trade, must 'dress'

his products with the ever better, more attractive packaging which modern housewives demand.

PLANNING YOUR FUTURE NEEDS

Which factor will contribute most to the future development of Britain's paper packaging products? Their functional merit or their merchandising ability? Without question, *both* these assets have unlimited potential for meeting the nation's growing and changing packaging needs.

To achieve this, the Reed Paper Group, which offers a complete nation-wide Packaging Service, is laying maximum emphasis on realistic forward thinking. Experts of the Group's Packaging Division are carrying out constant, intensive technical and marketing research. Not only to meet the immediate and future needs of customers. But to devise the new, even better and more economic packaging that will be required for new products, new manufacturing methods and new conditions in the retail trade.

This same flexible thinking characterises all the Group's activities at every level — product marketing, machine and production planning, management selection and personnel training. The ultimate aim is kept always in view. To plan the *right* packaging for the product so that it reaches you, the consumer, in the best possible condition.

A further article in this series will appear in the New Statesman on June 25th.

REED PAPER GROUP

Britain's foremost makers of paper, paperboard and packaging products

HEAD OFFICE: 105 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Reed PAPER GROUP

Correspondence

SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY

SIR, – In his article on the South African crisis your correspondent tells us that the 'so-called anti-Nationalist English language press' has suppressed facts and comment – particularly in relation to the actual shootings. 'The English press, haunted by possible accusations of disloyalty, muffled its own voice,' he writes. Is this really true? It may be that my own evidence (one Sunday newspaper and a cutting) is not much to go on, but it tells a different story. The leader which was sent to me cut from the Johannesburg *Star* (the leading evening paper in the Transvaal and further afield) is headed 'Unfit to Govern' and calls for a new government and talks with African leaders. From the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* (a national paper) of 27 March I give you the following prominent headlines: 'Government by Saracens – Riot Hospital Chief Ordered to Quit – Luthuli Calls for Multi-Racial Talks – South Africa Faces Isolation (banner headline, with pictures of Trafalgar Square demonstrations) – World Anger is Simmering – Luthuli Burns His Pass.' This last was on the front page, with a picture of Mr Luthuli in the act of burning his pass, and a statement against the Pass Laws by him; it is literally true that his call to Africans to burn their own passes was not printed (to do so would 'constitute an offence') but the implication is perfectly clear, and makes Mr Fairbairn's words – 'a call which no newspaper dared publish' appear rather melodramatic and very misleading. As to the Sharpeville shooting itself, on Page 6 of this paper there appears a large special report headed – 'In hospital where men, women, and children lie with bullet wounds It's *"No Comment"*,' and here is some of it: 'Multiple gunshot wounds . . . bone powdered from the impact of heavy calibre slugs . . . limbs so mutilated by the bullet's passage through the flesh that amputation was necessary. And a great number of wounds inflicted from the rear . . .' My impression was that every effort has been made to keep the world in the dark about the Sharpeville wounded. Is this how the *Sunday Times* muffles its voice? In leaders headed 'Where Will It End?' and 'Another Banning Law', this 'so-called' anti-nationalist newspaper likewise calls for a new government, and states that the disposition of the whites is 'not to ban Luthuli but to talk to him.'

I have not written to you in order to praise the English South African press (though perhaps they deserve a word or two, dealing as they do with a rather more difficult audience than the NEW STATESMAN enjoys). The important thing is that the refusal, typified by your report, to recognise *any* difference between Verwoerd with his group of pathological race fanatics, and any other major group of whites, is a misleading and dangerous piece of obstinacy in what may be an urgent moment of history. There *is* an alternative white government, which is at least sanely ready to pursue its own interests.

M. M. CARLIN

Makerere College
Kampala
Uganda

SIR, – In your last issue you rightly state that the problem of refugees from the Union of South Africa over the border into the Protectorates may become a real one. And you mention the flight of '200' Africans from the NW Transvaal into Bechuanaland in 1958. This is either a misprint or a serious understatement. The *Rand Daily Mail* at the time gave the estimated numbers of refugees as 3,000-4,000. Father Hooper of Zeerust, who was in a better position than anyone else to know (for the area was sealed off from the press, and he was, until he himself was banned, the only white man apart from the police and Native Affairs officials, who could travel in the Reserve), thinks that this was an exaggeration, but that without doubt there were at least 2,000 Africans who fled from the police terror and took refuge in and around Lobatse. It could happen again.

MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, CR

St Teilo's Priory
Roath
Cardiff

APARTHEID IN CRICKET

SIR, – I believe that among your readers are many who love cricket and who in normal circumstances would watch the test and county matches of a visiting team. But the South Africans are unique: they are the only test team in the world who are unsportsmanlike enough to refuse to play the game with any who are coloured. Thus they won't play against India, Pakistan or the West Indies. Nor would they allow an England test team to visit South Africa if we ventured to include a man of colour (such for instance as a Duleepsinjhi). And this means that they not only practise a colour bar in their own country but impose it on other countries with which they are in contact.

To accept such discrimination would be intolerable (and until the MCC refuses to take action it does in fact accept it) and therefore I appeal to your readers to take the action which they *can* take: not to see any test or county match in which the South Africans appear.

The recent horrors in South Africa are due to *apartheid*, but the black and coloured people there have been suffering in silence for decades. Let us at least make clear that we utterly condemn it.

ROBERT YOUNG

101 High Street
Hampton-on-Thames

ANTI-GERMAN FEELING

SIR, – Following a recent political visit to West Germany and Berlin, my impressions of the pre-summit political scene there are somewhat different from Paul Johnson's on at least two points. Whilst it is true that in recent years the Social Democrats have moved much closer to the CDU's foreign policy (a process accelerated by the Labour Party's 1954 decision on German re-armament) it is still far from bi-partisan. Conversations with SPD members during my stay and a study of their party's foreign policy statements show them to be not only severely critical of Adenauer's frigidity but also as having positive proposals (e.g. 'Plan for Germany' – March 1959) which provide a realistic basis for negotiations on the central re-unification issue. On Berlin, Johnson noted a marked difference in the Brandt (SPD) approach and the dead-hand of Adenauer. I would say that this was generally true in a comparison between SPD and CDU foreign policies.

The other, more basic point, is the role of religion in German politics. In so lengthy an account of 'Home Truths about Germany' I would have given pride of place to this omnipresent influence. It is fundamental to an understanding of German politics – home and international. In the context of the approach to the Summit it simply means that for many Germans – certainly the more vociferous ones – any negotiations with the Russians are tantamount to dealings with the Devil.

KENNETH WARDLE

29 Mapesbury Road
NW2

SIR, – I must correct Zena Maddison, Michael Maddison and James D. Young who wrote in your last issue and mentioned a speech by me in the Albert Hall. The first point in the four-point programme I advanced was not 'No German on British soil', but 'Not a German Soldier on British soil'. In the speech I paid specific tribute to the anti-Fascist Germans now in leading positions in the German Democratic Republic, and concluded: 'In greeting them we greet all Germans, East and West, who are fighting for peace.'

JOHN GOLLAN

The Communist Party
16 King Street
WC2

HOW LONG AT SCHOOL?

SIR, – The Crowther Report on education adopts the paternalist approach, and the NEW STATESMAN has apparently, fallen into line. The idea is that what was good for the upper and upper-middle classes, roughly coterminous with the aristocracy and professional classes, is necessarily good for the rest of the community.

The report deplores the fact that youngsters are at present being thrown into the labour market at an age that no good middle-class parent would even contemplate. From this it concludes that no child should be allowed to leave school at 15, no matter what his ability or inclinations and completely disregarding the view-point of the parents.

What Crowther fails to see is that the education of a child against his own will *and* against the will of the parents is of an entirely different social dimension from the old voluntary type of education as practised by professional-class families. There is a world of difference between pressures brought to bear from within the family and pressures, backed by the sanctions of family disruption and imprisonment, coming from the omnipotent state.

That the state may have a duty to ensure that children attain a certain standard of literacy and numeracy (thank you, Sir Geoffrey!) would be hard to deny; though the standard would have to be low and, in some cases, waived altogether. The state must also provide every possible means to further the development of all types of ability.

Aldermaston

Good Friday			Easter Saturday			Easter Sunday			
Falcon Field	4 pm	READING	1.15 pm	Maidenhead	7.30 pm	9.30 am	The Chequers	4 pm	Chiswick
12 noon	Burghfield	6.45 pm	9 am	Knowl Hill	4.30 pm	SLOUGH	12.30 pm	Hounslow	6.45 pm

It should give every imaginable inducement for children to stay on at school voluntarily. It must supply a wide variety of social activities, including sport. But, with this done, hasn't the job of the state as a formal educator come to an end? Isn't any further interference with the freedom and integrity of the individual a gross impertinence?

S. O. BEANY

6 Fieldway Crescent N5

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

SIR, – It should scarcely be necessary to argue the case for adult students being given appropriate consideration in the Commonwealth Scholarships Scheme. The principle was fully discussed in the parliamentary debates, and appropriate assurances were given by the ministers concerned. Adult students from Commonwealth countries who have found their own way to this country in the past have gone back and made their mark as Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, trade union and co-operative leaders, and in many other fields. Many potential leaders in the emerging countries do not possess the formal qualifications necessary for admission to universities and would be more at home in an adult residential college.

Yet so little attention has been paid to this problem by the authorities responsible that not one nomination of a candidate for a scholarship tenable in an adult college has been put forward in 1960.

Is it not time that the Commission set up a special Adult Education Committee to consider the problems involved and ensure that suitable 'non-academic' candidates are given fair consideration, in accordance with the intention of the scheme?

H. D. HUGHES

Ruskin College
Oxford

DR LEAVIS

SIR, – Like most Cambridge graduates in English, I find Dr Leavis's criticism interesting, but his educational influence is surely of questionable value. I don't mean to imply that Professor Walsh's analysis of his theory is inaccurate; I feel rather that the theory has been unfortunate in practice.

In the first place, I think Dr Leavis has always been too clever and too subtle for the average Cambridge undergraduate reading English. His sense of continuity and tradition, for example, has given rise to the curious notion that he thinks most literature is worth reading only for its tendencies. Dr Leavis properly castigates those who think he means this and object; but it is less easy for him to correct those who think he said Fielding is worth reading *only* because he leads, not to Mr Priestley, of course, but to Jane Austen, and tacitly *agree*.

Secondly, because he talks over the heads of three-quarters of his students, he has been responsible for generations of smart young iconoclasts who are not to be fooled by writers merely because they are famous. What else could he have expected? How else could it be supposed that the limitations he sees in Milton and Shelley (limitations, no doubt, that his own acute and highly trained sensibility has forced him into seeing) would be accepted in any other way by the majority of his students, newly arrived at Cambridge (difficult enough to get to, in any case, in English) and naturally anxious to show how bright and up-to-date they are?

Lastly, Dr Leavis has, by an inevitable irony, become the centre of just such an uncritical cult as he deplores. When I went up to Cambridge ten years ago, an undergraduate deftly dismissed Mr E. M. Forster for me by reference to his Oracle; this year I was treated to the same slick performance, done in the same nagging imitation of Dr Leavis's accent (it takes some time to get it right, but eventually it comes naturally), and accompanied by the same fervent, but surely inconsequential, assurance, that he is 'a fine man'.

Professor Walsh seems to feel that education can have a moral influence similar to that of religion. I wish I had his assurance; as a schoolmaster, the best I can manage is to provide material, suggest ideas and treat boys with as much consideration as my nerves can summon. Still I find that those who need idols will find them, if necessary among those most expert in pointing to the feet of clay. Dr Leavis's iron disciples have produced a few vigorous, independent thinkers, but otherwise they seem to me to have resulted in a new kind of vulgarity.

A. R. TOMKINS

6 Arundel Court
Norwich

INDIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

SIR, – It would be inappropriate for the author of the booklet on Indian Economic Policy to join in the exchange between Dr Balogh and Mr Wood whether Dr Balogh's review fairly conveys its scope and argument. I wish to explain only why even interested readers would find it very difficult at present to assess the merits of the case or to compare Mr Wood's verbatim quotations with the argument on the pages mentioned by Dr Balogh. The booklet is not generally available in this country (which is why no review copies were sent out). The British edition, an expanded version of the American publication, will be published later this year.

P. T. BAUER

Gonville and Caius College
Cambridge

CARRY ON, CONSTABLE

SIR, – William Whitebait's always intellectually pertinent film-notices rarely encompass entertainments such as my script for 'Carry on, Constable'. The sting in the tail of his verdict on the film would, however, carry more bite if it had any semblance of truth in it. Whatever will 'finally close cinemas', I don't honestly see how it can be films like the *Carry Ons*, all of which have achieved remarkable box-office figures, *Nurse* in particular, which topped every other film last year.

Men like Whitebait rightly set high standards for the cinema. Money at the box-office, however, is what keeps cinemas open. In a real and basic sense, and with as little personal pride as possible, I truly believe that it is films like this series which will enable the cinema, ultimately, to 'Carry On' – perhaps until the day when the standards of intellectual criticism become those of the general public.

NORMAN HUDIS

6 The Byeway
London Road
Ricksmanworth
Herts

WHO AM I?

SIR, – When I read Anthony Carson's article on the Donkeys of the Sierra (NEW STATESMAN, 19 March 1960) I was extremely surprised. I read it twice and I even asked a friend of mine who knows English very well – actually he is an Englishman – to explain every sentence of it to me. Undoubtedly there it was, 'the Spaniards do not know who they are'. I am myself a Spaniard (at least I think so), hence I do not know who I am. I am now awfully worried about this.

I started thinking that Mr Carson was not right; but when I read the article for the second time, I did not have any doubt about his words. He must be a very important man. So important that even the architects went to greet him in that hidden village of the mountains – architects are pretty busy men and have to stay in the towns because there is no job for them to do in the villages; sometimes they go there to spend their holidays, or to visit the mason who takes care of the work and the workers, but even this is quite seldom.

The *alguacil* left his work in the Town Hall for him and tried to catch a criminal (I am sure the *Sierra* is full of them), even if this task is usually done by the Civil Guard – with their three-cornered, patent-leather, non-metallic hats – and with which the *alguaciles* have nothing to do. Moreover, the *alguacil*, to look more handsome, was dressed in the rough blue uniform of the *guardias jurados* – those are people who take care of somebody's land to prevent other people hunting and making use of it; they are accustomed to hunt partridges – and, let me say, they are very fond of making jokes to the people who visit the village.

I am now wondering if Mr Carson can guess who I am; but even on this I am a little doubtful. He said he is able to meet us in our Kingdom of the Unknown (and he is indeed welcome), so perhaps he does not know who *he* is. Still, I am sure, he knows everything about the Spaniards, Don Quixote, Don Juan Tenorio and so on. May I, then, ask who I am? I would be very happy to know!

MARIO MELENDEZ

West Didsbury
Manchester

SIR, – In my recent article, 'Macalias', I said that Georges Simenon's real name was Sim. This is wrong. Sim was only one of the master's 17 pen names (and the last) that he used before reverting to his native name which he has since made illustrious. In apologising to M. Simenon, whom I admire so deeply and whose visit to Edinburgh not long ago I remember so warmly and happily, I would only plead that I was misled by a famous north-American library catalogue.

MORAY MCLAREN

Edinburgh

Easter Monday

9.30 am Turnham Green
Hammersmith Broadway
12 noon Albert Memorial
Sloane St.
Cliveden Place
Kings Rd.
Victoria St.
Whitehall

Trafalgar Sq. 2.30 pm **to London**

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Green Crow

THIS year Sean O'Casey is 80 years old and the present appreciation of his life and work* is offered by an American critic in homage to Ireland's lonely dramatist and chronic battler. An exile, of course. Engaging in its intimacy, the country has an ugly public temper; in a flash, the policemen-priests, saloon-bar politicos and backbiting wits destroy the men of talent, and maunder along in vulgar comedy, the byword of the Catholic world. Their taste has lately found a natural outlet in the Edgware Road. If Dublin wished to pay a tribute to O'Casey, it might for once put on all his plays without the usual, shameful fuss – but Dublin does not pay tributes. Envy, Joyce thought, was the chief Irish vice. Aesthetes, mayors, publicans and the nimble runners of the national sporting club at Maynooth can be relied upon to fix a man like O'Casey. Inevitably; if anti-clericalism has, to any extent, taken the place of the old anti-British cry, O'Casey was one of the earliest voices. He is a true rebel, as mistrustful as Shaw was of Kathleen na Houhilan, being one of Connolly's and Jim Larkin's men and speaking out of the very streets of Irish misery.

The story is best told in the first three volumes of his autobiography – before words bedevilled him as they have bedevilled other Irish writers, especially in his generation – but Dr Krause is right to go over it again. O'Casey himself was physically marked by the Dublin slum, his family had contributed its share of infant corpses, in the Eighties, to the highest death-rate in Europe. If O'Casey has his touchy and quarrelsome side, rancour has not been a profession with him as it has with many an Irishman. He has been wilful and obstinate, but he has been a man of integrity, very much on his own. What might pass as eccentricity elsewhere was truculent purpose: he got copying-ink pencils from his friends and melted them down to make his own ink, he learned Gaelic, played the Irish bagpipes, taught in Sunday school and wrote plays in between shovelling cement, and broke with everyone on principle. I remember going to see him in his tenement room in Dublin when I was very young, and very kind he was; but I remember how angry he was with public libraries which, he said, were conducted as an offensive form of charity and with the idea of humiliating the poor.

One cannot say that O'Casey has been less fanatical than his enemies, but he has been fanatical about better things. His communism opens him to the charge that he wants to exchange the Priest State for a Police State; in reality, as Dr Krause says in this book, his communism is more like the innocent Celtic dream of Tir nan og, prompted by a prejudice in favour of people having enough to eat, getting decently paid, having the good things of life and not being fodder for the mass wars. Unhappily, the Sunday school taught him to teach. The comic was his only real seriousness. Although it was tragic for O'Casey that Yeats turned down *The Silver Tassie* – the sort of stupid act that shows how unsuited artists are to have power over each other – Yeats easily gets the better of O'Casey in the controversy that followed. Dr Krause quotes from their interchange. The tragedy was that the rejection turned O'Casey into an embittered exile, and unlike Joyce who had his education behind him, O'Casey was unsuited, as an artist, to the exile's life. If the Abbey had put on this play he could have stayed, fought, and concentrated.

Strong as one's sympathies for O'Casey must be in this episode, I cannot agree that the symbolic second act of *The Silver Tassie* is one of the great achievements in the drama of the last generation. It is an ambitious attempt to broaden scope, to learn from expressionism, to bring symbolism to the theatre; but compared with, say, David Jones's *In Parenthesis*, it is wooden. Dr Krause is justified in saying that O'Casey was unlucky in his age. He was a proletarian writer when there were few others in the British Isles and no fertilising school. He grew up in a very bad period in British theatre. He was before his time. Twenty-five years were to pass before a theatre propitious to his talent appeared in this country. How that would have affected him one cannot tell. Exile was the real evil, for like many self-educated artists, he fell back on personality and on an ethic that was largely rhetorical.

Dr Krause's book has something of the forced, obvious note of a thesis but he makes many suggestions worth considering. It is clear that O'Casey's plays are tragi-comedies; it is worth pointing out that he is a poetic rather than a naturalistic writer, in the early plays, and more naturally poetic in those than in the strained or wistful poetic artifices of the later ones, though Dr Krause thinks *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* succeeds. One can see that the poetic also turned O'Casey's head: industrial Dublin could have done with more naturalism and considerably less street corner salvation. Unfortunately, after he had written *The Plough and the Stars*, O'Casey became affected by the Expressionists and the desire to add new means to the drama, instead of plugging away at the new Irish social material. It was understandable to want to get out of the Irish parish into Europe and public questions on the great scale; it was commendable that he worked on one of the most difficult of dramatic problems – the use of popular, city speech, natural or stylised, on the stage. Could he do for the city what Synge had done for the peasants? Could he avoid Synge's excesses? It has not been altogether an advantage for Irish writers that they have had a ready-made, vivid, popular Elizabethan language to hand; left to itself it was regional; manipulated, as by Joyce, it became a collection of grammarians' jokes, rich in comedy and rage, but pretentious when serious. To judge by Beckett who, after writing *Murphy*, became simply a plain writer, relying on speed and verbosity, the Irish school has now emerged from the obsession with linguistic fancies; O'Casey was caught by them, never dropped them, and they did him little good. More Daedalus than Bloom, in this phase, he overloaded the tongues of his people; in moments when they were meant to figure in the important issues of life, they seemed to clap their hands to their jaws in agony; their molars stuck in the metaphors. The fact is that O'Casey succeeds marvellously with language when he doesn't experiment with it, when he is relying on his ear and his native genius for inspired malapropism and those collisions of tongue which are unintended poetry. Mistakes are the very food of comedy, in language and in action, and O'Casey is at his best as an artist and a humane man when he is celebrating the great human mistakes and collisions; at his worst when he makes the purely intellectual mistake of mixing symbolism and realism. He puts his own case well when he describes himself as 'The Green Crow':

> Some Latin writer once said: 'If a crow would feed in quiet it would have more meat'. A thing this Green Crow could never do: it has always and has still to speak and speak while it seeks and finds its food, and so has had less meat than it might have had if only it had kept its big beak shut.

We are glad that he didn't. He has added a lot to laughter. I remember he had pinned up over the fireplace of his tenement room in Dublin a piece of paper with the words: 'Get on with the bloody play'. He peered at it indignantly from his bed.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *Sean O'Casey*. By DAVID KRAUSE. *MacGibbon & Kee*. 30s.

Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!

There Hislane on the wersh tormentit hill,
The haill carry bleck and mirk wi pain,
He pree'd the last warst waesome dregs
O' the Faither's cup. Til whittin end, I speir,
Whut guid til God or men, wes sich as He
Brocht til the last, the ultimate despair,
The self-betrayal alane brocht triumph til
His ither and unauthorized betrayers?
Out o thir final deeps the answer comes: –
That naething to be duin be left unduin,
That aathing that wes scrievit be fulfilled,
The final spasm o human agonie.
Because nae man hes ever kent his God
Wha kentna whit it is to be forsaken,
Nor ever fand Him until he had Him tint,
For at nocht but the end we feel the upward trend
O' the risan wind, the last doole purged,
The vessel tuimed for God Himsel to fill.
That the instrument be forged to brek the tomb,
Shatter the yetts o hell, the body rise
New-mintit frae the mool, the dragon slain.
That the Son o Man and the Faither be at Ane.

TOM SCOTT

REASSESSMENT

Frazer within the Bloody Wood

By FRANCIS HUXLEY

(Francis Huxley is an anthropologist recently back from Haiti who previously spent a year with the Urubu Indians in Brazil)

BEFORE J. G. Frazer wrote *The Golden Bough*, it was still possible to think of ancient Greece as the setting either for a kind of pastoral or for epic. Both these forms demand a curious if noble simple-mindedness from the reader who, misled by a tradition of spiritualising all things Greek – totemism is still a dirty word among many Greek scholars – does not see the gross particulars out of which heroic action is made, but reads into the classical texts his own civilised longings for a Golden Age. Darwin had destroyed Nature as a scene for pastoral at the half-century, and taken away the Garden of Eden; thirty-one years later Frazer followed suit and showed just what kind of innocence our first parents must have had, as he uncovered the universal body of savagery beneath the surface of civilisation.

The instrument he devised to lay bare man's moral and intellectual evolution was the comparative method geared to the idea of progress – an instrument that was Darwinian in its morals but not in its central activity. Darwin saw evolution as centering on the idea of ecological interaction and its effects, which he called natural selection, for though he was always talking of origins he was more interested in causes of change than in original models. Frazer, however, came to a stop when he had traced various kinds of religious survivals back to their original model, and never discovered a cause of change in any way comparable to natural selection.

He did, however, learn one thing well from Darwin, and bequeathed this precious insight to the humanities. Darwin had made clear that you could not make sense of the species problem and of evolution in general unless you translated structure into habit, and really understood what the parts of an organism were for. Frazer was a materialist in the same way, showing matter in its activity: he anatomised beliefs by referring them back to a social habit, which is known as ritual. The crux of Frazer's method is always to find a ritual organism at the origin of folk beliefs which are otherwise disarticulated and obscure, and then to try and dissolve this ritual form into the primal, and to him ludicrous, mode of thought: magic. When he had done this he could show a universal pattern which manifested itself as the life and death of an incarnate deity; and to prove the logic of his construction he had also to demonstrate the existence and inter-relations of great numbers of strange things, such as sorcery, rain-making, taboos and the magical importance of personal names. It gives one an extraordinary sensation to read Frazer's volumes and to see the body of this incarnate deity pieced together, like Osiris, from fragments scattered over the world: fragments picked up among peasants in Europe or China, among Malays, Dyaks, the eastern Indians of North America, or the Szis of upper Burma; from the Middle East, India, or classical antiquity. From the safe height of Victorian objectivity one can look down on to a welter of forbidden things publicly performed, at once grateful that the truth of these things is no longer so direct, and yet feeling an unwilling sense of loss because of it.

Our ambiguous sense of nostalgia is perhaps Frazer's own. Being a scholar, he could attack a tradition without giving up its emotional comforts, and his twelve great volumes are set in a fine piece of academic pastoral from which he emerges to view what he calls the venerable antics of mankind with an indefatigable appetite. 'No one who has seen the calm water of the Lake of Nemi, lapped in a green hollow of the Alban hills, can ever forget it. Diana herself might still be lingering by this lonely shore, haunting the woodland wild', he begins. But from there he pursues his ideas with a largeness of intent and a generosity of purpose that is admirable, making his points with a sudden strength and dexterity just as one wonders if his mind has not been suffocated by facts. At the same time one asks oneself just what involvement is hidden under his sober accounts of extraordinary happenings. Is it the involvement of the scholar gathering materials, of the rationalist disproving one god by proving another, or of the man who views mysteries with something more than academic interest?

The explicit aim of *The Golden Bough* was to trace the evolving history of the human mind. Joined to this was the more covert one of finding an original form to which the dogmas of Christianity could be traced, and by which they could be discredited. Frazer's work indeed casts a detached and sorrowful light on human behaviour, and points through the Christian image of human perfection at a highly developed – but for all that absurd – vegetation deity, yearly sacrificed in human form to renew its powers and to act as scapegoat. Rationalism still uses this method of attack, allied with psychoanalysis: did not Frazer ominously say that 'at present we are only dragging the guns into position'? But what of the original form he uncovered? We can see that he was influenced largely by three men: by Mannhardt, who had collected a vast amount of material on vegetation spirits in Europe; by Tyler, the father of English ethnology; and by Robertson Smith, with his theories of sacrifice. These three provided him with a theory of identity, a theory of magic and a notion of ethnological progress, and a theory of ritual action. Out of these theories he shaped what is really an Ur-myth, a highly generalised ritual organism which animated a vast array of religious activities. It is pleasant to think of Frazer demolishing the pretensions to uniqueness of one religion and finding another emerge from the monumental restoration he attempted: a restoration which, like all monuments, had a greater degree of coherence and rational simplicity than that which the monument celebrated. Ironically, too, Frazer's new myth rested on errors as interesting to the student of mythology as any he himself pointed out, for it is clear now that the strange figure in the grove of Nemi was not a sacred king but a runaway slave, while the golden bough he bore was a common suppliant's branch and had nothing to do with Virgil or the mistletoe. Like all good myths, however, *The Golden Bough* suffers little from these errors of fact, its organisation and inner consistency coping lucidly with an enormous volume of observations.

There is one great weakness to the comparative method: it deals with facts at second hand, and thus tends to ignore the ecological viewpoint which was at the heart of Darwin's success as an evolutionary theorist. Frazer took seriously the morality of Darwin's method, by which savages could be made to turn into Victorians, a method which had the advantage of squeezing the priestly delusions of religion to death between what were to him the related powers of magic and science. The fact that religion is the key to understanding the evolution of the city and of civilisation itself, however, escaped him completely, intent as he was on seeing his trinity of magic, religion and science as the functions of individuals rather than of society. It is because of this that Frazer's approach has remained largely a literary one; English anthropologists, led by Malinowski, have gone in the opposite direction and insisted on experiencing the context of an action as a means of understanding the action itself.

Frazer's tendency to ignore social context was certainly one reason for the success of *The Golden Bough*, and was perhaps also the cause of his not taking quite seriously the Ur-myth he had fabricated. He was in one sense an archaeologist *manqué*, as his great edition of Pausanias shows: he visited all the sites then being excavated in Greece to check up on Pausanias, and illuminated his comments with ethnological material. Like archaeologists, who were then entering their golden age in Mesopotamia, Frazer enjoyed validating ancient documents and restoring an orphaned text to its material origin, though in his case the origin was historical only inasmuch as it was a piece of rite. Frazer did not himself officiate at the true marriage of history and ritual, which was to be the glory of the Cambridge school of classicists, though he was largely respon-

The Golden Bough. By J. G. FRAZER. *Macmillan*. 12 volumes, 18 *gns*. One-volume abridged edition, 25*s*. Paper-back edition, St Martin's Library, 2 volumes, 10*s*.

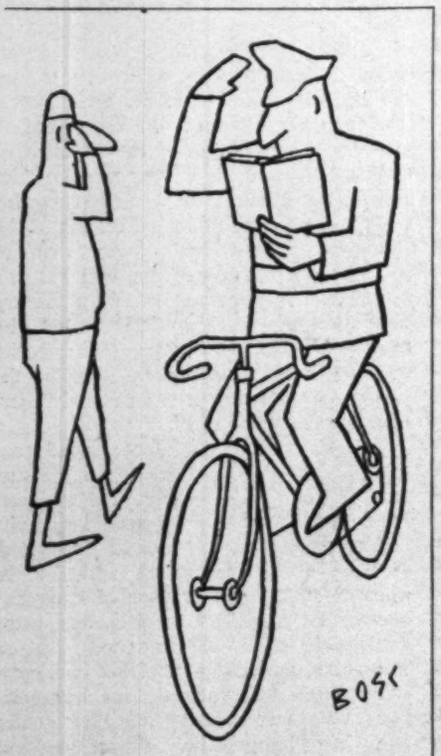
able for it: his enormous and somewhat premature work of generalisation stood in his way. Cornford, Jane Harrison and Cook, however, used his insights to perform an act of amazing rejuvenation, showing the ritual and active origins of the most static and Olympian forms in every department of Greek culture: an example that others took up to make sense of such varied things as nursery rhymes, the Grail romances, the law and the European witch-cult. The method quickly invaded literary criticism, starting with Gilbert Murray's demonstration of the ritual and dramatic identity of Hamlet and Orestes, and coming to full flood in Kenneth Burke's magnificent theory of symbolic action.

The method of *The Golden Bough*, in searching for a ritual origin to myths, folk tales and literature, has proved increasingly fertile. The original product of this method, the archetype of that combined myth and ritual which Frazer disengaged from a thousand differing and obscure variants, has had a quite different kind of success. The influence of the book has certainly been pervasive, so much so that it is often difficult to trace its progeny. We are certainly indebted to it, however, through Jessie Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, for *The Waste Land* with its myth of the Dying God. *The Golden Bough* is indeed a compendium for those with an encyclopædic turn of mind, who can turn other people's rubbish to good account: one can see the same combination of a wide-ranging mind with a fascination for myths in Joyce, who extended Frazer's method as far as it can go by making words themselves enact the hidden meaning to be discovered.

The grammarians have had their turn, too: coupled with Bachofen, *The Golden Bough* has fathered the *White Goddess*, in whose name ritual, myths and poetry are provided with their own grammar and historical logic. This creation of a system of gnosis out of a bookish Ur-myth is paralleled in a different but as exasperating a manner, by Dr Jung and his followers who, unlike Mr Graves with his very personal feelings for history and atmosphere, almost completely ignore the facts of social context, that most important mediator between the individual and the collective. In Dr Jung's hands, therefore, the ritual that gave sense to individuals by a public identification with the collective, retreats away from society and history into the unconscious, and becomes an immaterial archetype.

If *The Golden Bough* is weak in its feelings for social context, it is also weak in its psychology. Frazer's notion of the primitive mind – childish, avid, self-deluding and yet philosophical – which he got from Tyler, was later turned by Lévy-Bruhl into a kind of mystery religion of its own. One may still see this attitude among students of ancient religion who must imagine what they cannot observe: for them the primitive mind is sunk into a numinous abyss in which impersonal causal laws hardly exist, but where the grave rhythms of ritual produce ineffable results. Field anthropology has successfully questioned this cloud of unknowing in its own way; and so, in another way, has Freud.

Frazer's influence on Freud is of course secondary, though both used similar methods in different spheres. Both were concerned in tracking down verbalisms, and both found their origins in a definite form of activity: Frazer in public ritual, Freud in a familiar one. Freud formalised the effects of this experience into his own Ur-myth, the Oedipus complex, and once he had done this he turned to Frazer for facts by which he could transform the individual experience into a collective and historical one. He also turned to Robertson Smith and his theory of sacrifice and totemism, which even Frazer thought suspect. However, the Ur-myth provided meat for Freud, and in the manner of these things the errors involved were less important than the method, which was to show how ethnology could have a psychological theory underlying it as active and profound as the one Darwin discovered for natural history. Frazer, as one might imagine, did not like Freud who ruthlessly destroyed what was left of the pastoral scene in his violent handling of anthropology. It was indeed extreme, and left out most of what social anthropologists today would think important: but *The Golden Bough* was certainly asking for it. The work, anyhow, can still be read with pleasure and profit, as long as one remembers Frazer's closing words as he listened to the sound of church bells borne over Nemi's woods – *Le roi est mort, vive le roi.*



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Flibbertigibbet

Critic's London Diary. By KINGSLEY MARTIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

First, let us see what we have here. Out of over one and a half million words of the Diary, 1931-1956, some 80,000 have been chosen to appear in this book, together with drawings by Low and Vicky and some photographs. (There is one of Mr Park.) Now the author shall speak for himself:

> Someone had to find a basis of choice and arrangement for this fraction of a vast spate of words. All the diaries from foreign countries, from Mexico to Czechoslovakia and Ireland, had to be left out. My friend Humphrey Hare did the first sorting, and his ingenious arrangement, a compromise between topic and chronology, remains, though I have done a bit of fiddling with it myself since. One advantage of this method is that if sidelights on old politics bore you, you can turn to records of London in the blitz or to reflections on the sexual and criminal trends of our age. Life in an Essex village may hold your attention, if you are weary of the misdeeds of Lord Baldwin or the elder statesmanship of Lord Attlee. . .

This seems sensible but after reading the book I felt that it lost more than it gained by being divided into parts in this way. Had I been its editor, I would have kept its chronological diary form, without reference to the subject matter of its entries. However, it is only fair to add that the greater part of the book still keeps the diary form and flavour.

A sculptor I know once did a head of Kingsley Martin. He told me that a lady who knew Mr Martin very well came to look at the head, duly admired it, and then said: 'I don't know how you got him to keep as still as that.' (Had she been looking forward to a portrait mobile?) Our author himself opens his preface with the cry 'Flibbertigibbet!', which is what Beatrice Webb called him in her diary. He goes on to say that he would have preferred this as a pseudonym to Critic, had he known of it when starting his weekly column. To my mind, neither hits him off exactly: he has the restless energy, the darting curiosity, of one, and the critical intelligence and outlook of the other; but the essence of him is missing. It may be found, generously distilled, in these chapters. They are the work of a serious man, who deserves to be taken seriously, who is at the same time a comic character. If Savonarola had gone to the London School of Economics and had then exchanged Karl for the Marx Brothers, we might have had somebody not unlike our diarist. More eagerness, more zest, however, would have to be added, for Doomsday itself will find Critic eagerly expectant, ready for a last paragraph. Here, during the glare and fury of the blitz, he cries triumphantly: 'I boast of being the only man in London who has been bombed off a lavatory seat while reading Jane Austen.' That's our Critic.

This book should be required reading for some people we all know. They are the people who are always telling us that this is a gloomy and sour weekly, taking its tone and flavour from the gloomy and sour fellow who edits it. These pages prove what nonsense that has always been. 'Looking back,' Kingsley Martin says in his preface, 'I see that this diary was my overflow', that is, when leading articles and editorial comments had been duly written. This is where we find the man himself, one of the best editors and journalists of our time. It is not only that he has had the necessary energy, curiosity, and integrity, but

that in addition, while one half of his temperament might see every succeeding challenge and crisis at their blackest and most menacing pitch, the other half of him, a flibbertigibbet in the Webb world, went zestfully soaring, in genuine intellectual high spirits, to face the challenge, to meet the crisis, and to tame and domesticate the very thunder and lightning for the 'London Diary'.

He is not of course as good at everything as he thinks he is: this is the secret dream of editors – that they can at a pinch write anything in the paper – sonnets and all – better than anybody else. But on his own ground, which I take to be the region between the *NS* office and the House of Commons, he is not only as good as he thinks he is but perhaps even better. Here, in a series of brilliant peepshow glimpses, we have the political and social history of Britain during the Thirties, Forties, and half the Fifties. This is how I like to take my modern history, in sharpest contrast to those carping chronicles of decades that are all sneers and hindsight. I rejoice in the lively and truthful sketches of political leaders, the amusing minor characters that flit across the scene, the passing glances at social changes, and, behind the quick easy manner, the consistently civilised outlook, the brave decency, of this diarist. I didn't expect it to be – and probably half-hoped (for ours is a wretched trade) that it wouldn't be – but this is an uncommonly good book. And if it were not, I would not now be left with about 20 carefully-selected quotations for which there is no space.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Harpooned Walrus

Lord Derby. By RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL. *Heinemann.* 50*s.*

The British aristocracy has an extraordinary capacity for living in discomfort. The Duke of Omnium, it will be remembered, built Gatherum Castle at a cost of a quarter of a million, and it was almost uninhabitable from the start; indeed, it *was* only inhabited for a few weeks each year, while the Duke entertained the local gentry and ensured that his boroughs remained in his pocket. Fifty years later, the seventeenth Earl of Derby lived in much the same way. He inherited 70,000 acres, including huge chunks of Liverpool, Manchester, Preston and other Lancashire cities, which brought him a gross rental of £300,000 a year. Some £50,000 of this went on maintaining Knowsley, an ugly barracks near Liverpool, which was used solely for entertaining the bigwigs of the Tory Party in Lancashire, and the Monarch when he came up for the Grand National. Derby seems to have taken little interest in his house, which admittedly was of no architectural value and had only one notable picture. When a more cultured peer, the Earl of Crawford, praised some Charles II chairs it contained, Derby was annoyed: 'Damn cheek, that fellow noticing my chairs!' His other houses – he had eight in all – were treated with similar indifference. Of Derby House, his London palace, he said: 'Well, Lady Derby must have somewhere to change when she comes up from Cowarth to go to the play!' Architecture and agriculture, he confessed, bored him equally. Apart from food and smoking, his only sensual pleasure (not mentioned in this book) was hot baths. Even on train journeys, he would arrange to take baths in the station-master's office at wayside halts, using water piped from the engine.

The Earl's abiding passion was politics, and this brought him a lifetime of frustration. True, he was the most powerful regional magnate in the kingdom – the last to wield power through territorial possessions. Through Alderman Salvidge, he controlled much of Liverpool and seven or eight other seats scattered through the county. Professional politicians who challenged him on his own bailiwick did so at their peril, as F. E. Smith discovered, while the party leaders had to take note of his views, for he generally spoke for Lancashire opinion of all classes. The workers treated him like royalty, and George V almost as an equal. Yet his political ventures were singularly unsuccessful. He tried to prevent the Tories from turning on free trade – and merely added to their discomfiture in two elections. He aspired to Downing Street – and never got further than the War Office. The great proconsulships for which he seemed so superbly equipped eluded him; his only prize was the Paris Embassy – and that at a time when Lloyd George was rampant at Versailles, and Derby's *bête noire*, Curzon, at the Foreign Office.

Indeed, a ludicrous streak runs through his political career. Lloyd George aptly called him 'the harpooned walrus'; politicians would use his name and his fortune for their own purposes, and then leave him high and dry on the beach. He seems to have had no mind of his own, except on trivial social points. Haig said: 'He is like a feather cushion – he bears the impression of the last man who sat on him.' Other great magnates, like Rosebery, failed in politics because they were too diffident. Not so Derby; he tried too hard. He covered acres of paper with his political reflections, attended countless meetings at the parish pump level, sat through civic dinners of inconceivable tedium, and poured forth hundreds of thousands of pounds garnered from his Lancashire slums, leaving even his vast revenues much diminished. All to no avail. For he had a fatal political weakness: he worried too much. Within that mountain of secure aristocratic flesh was a psychiatrist's victim screaming to get out on to the couch. The letters with which he bombarded and bored his associates are heavy with *angst*. 'I am still a little disturbed as to whether or no we are right to adhere to food taxes . . .' 'Is North West Manchester an absolutely safe seat?' 'I wish I could make up my mind what is the right thing to do . . .' 'Our talk this afternoon has considerably disturbed me . . .' 'I am very anxious as to the attitude the French Government will adopt'. 'I am very anxious about the position all over the world . . .' 'What does Austen's speech *mean*?' Deep into the night, that care-worn little pen, clutched in the podgy fist, went spluttering away.

Worse, Derby never learned to distinguish between the essential and the trivial; he had the blinding nose for detail that seems to be characteristic of monarchs and landed magnates. While in Paris, he spent angry months disputing with Churchill over General Spears's liaison mission, which cost a mere £5,000 a year (Churchill believed, rightly, that he got better intelligence from Spears than from the Military Attaché). Here is Derby writing to the CIGS in full spate:

> Winston asked me as a personal favour to do what I could not to make Spears's position in Society here difficult . . . I did what I should never have done otherwise. I accepted an invitation for us both to dine there so as to try and put the Spears right in the eyes of the social world and the only return I get is that

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this is allowed to drag on. I shall not forget it and some day, sooner or later, I will pay back Winston.

In spring 1917, during the worst days of the war, Derby, as Secretary of State, launched a massive offensive against Curzon for using a War Office car to ferry guests to his country house. Derby despised Curzon as a fraud, whose pretensions to grandeur rested largely on the fortunes of his wives; and he was not going to allow the Curzons to keep up with the Derbys by benefit of WD property:

> It is very amusing Curzon's saying that his health can only be kept going by being able to go to Trent every Saturday to Monday. He has only had Trent since he married.

Salisbury, Balfour and Asquith knew how to handle floundering, but well-meaning, magnates like Derby. Their successors, Lloyd George and Baldwin, could not be bothered; hence the aristocrats drifted out of politics during the Twenties, impoverishing Tory standards. Derby spent more and more time on his racing, though he lived to worry until the late 1940s. His political life was a failure, and it will be argued that Mr Churchill shows a lack of proportion in devoting over 600 pages to it. Such criticism misconceives the nature of an official biography, which has one paramount objective: to be comprehensive, to present the raw material of a man on which future historians can work at leisure. Otherwise, such material may be scattered or even lost forever. I therefore rejoice that, with the publication of Mr Bullock's study of Bevin, we are returning to the proper tradition of the two-volume life. Moreover, in the case of Derby, Mr Churchill has a further justification for writing at length. The fat Earl may have bored his friends. But he does not bore us, for he had the singular virtue of behaving, in all things, absolutely according to type – and the species has now vanished. Mr Churchill has fashioned its monument: massive, imposing, doomed – and just a little touching.

PAUL JOHNSON

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The Game on the Roof of the World

The Silent War in Tibet. By LOWELL THOMAS JR. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

The Flight of the Dalai Lama. By NOEL BARBER. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.*

India Meets China in Nepal. By GIRILAL JAIN. *Asia Publishing House.* 30*s.*

The notion of the noble savage is hard to kill. The Masai warriors of East Africa, the bedouin of Arabia, the stone-age villagers of Papua, the Eskimos and the Tibetans – they each constitute a romantic myth that, for Englishmen of the past hundred years, has been elaborated by a band of distinguished writers; and in each case the pedestal has grown in proportion to the inaccessibility of the savage, the primitiveness of his culture and the virulence of his diseases. But with the crumbling of the Empire there is evidence that this particular sentiment is crossing the Atlantic, and nowadays the traditional praises of the quainter peoples of the world are more often sung among the succulent advertisements of *Life* and the *National Geographic*.

When the Lowell Thomases, father and son, arrived in Lhasa in 1949 at the end of 'just about the most hair-raising trip in the world', the view of the holy city huddled about the Potala Palace quite took their breath away. (The altitude, of course, may have had something to do with it.) 'There just aren't any words for it' said dad, but Lowell Thomas junior was by no means so speechless, and he has filled nearly three hundred pages with information about one of the most unknown of all countries. The value of his book, however, is not the description of that nearly tragic journey with his father, but the account of the happenings in Tibet during the ten dark years that followed, up to the flight of the Dalai Lama in March 1959. It is in fact a history of Tibet covering the 'reign' of the thirteenth Dalai, from his discovery as a two-year old boy playing in a hut near the Chinese border, through the long process of Chinese infiltration and the anguish of the unhappy youth buffeted between the demanding invaders and the no less unscrupulous lamas, up to the final tragedy of a year ago. Where Mr Thomas has got all his information (it is heartening to learn that at the child's enthronement the presents from the British envoy included a silver model of a sailing ship, a signed portrait of King George VI and a little tricycle) I just can't imagine, but his researches into the decade when Peking and Delhi were each falling over backwards to assure the world that there was really nothing happening in Tibet at all have been most fertile. Because he hates the communists so much Mr Thomas has come down heavily on the side of the lamas, and at the end he expresses a belief that communism has little chance of destroying the Tibetan religion. But this is not what happened in other parts of Asia – in Turkestan and Mongolia for instance.

Noel Barber's book is a very different kettle. On the first page, as he greets the Dalai Lama in Assam at the end of the flight from Tibet, there are tears in Mr Barber's eyes, and on the last page, as he speeds the God-King on the train to exile, there is a lump in his throat. The pages in between, for anyone who wants to know what happened to our most one-jump-ahead newspaperman as he went stamping around on the roof of the world, and who didn't manage to secure copies of the *Daily Mail* at the time, are essential reading.

Tibet, as every blurb-writer knows, is a land shrouded in mystery. But what of Nepal? The shroud is almost as thick, and Girilal Jain, an Indian journalist, has done Trojan work in recounting the tangled events of the last few years – years of experiments in parliamentary rule, of political parties hatching and expiring like mayflies, of politicians going in and out of office as frequently as they go in and out of jail, of wooings from Peking and rival wooings from Delhi. The postscript to this complicated story is the agreement signed last month in Peking, by which China is to supply Nepal with machinery, materials and technicians, and by which the two countries are to re-draw their common frontier; Mr Jain's book illuminates one of the squares over which the Great Game is still being played across the Himalayas.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

Happy Families

The Macdonald Sisters. By A. W. BALDWIN. *Davies.* 30*s.*

'Were there ever sisters who loved each other more?' So wrote Lady Burne-Jones towards the close of her long life; and Lord Baldwin, after reading their letters to each other and delving into the available records of their family, shares the opinion of his great-aunt. It is said that the Macdonald sisters never had a quarrel among themselves. Yet they were all beautiful, vivacious, intelligent girls living at home together in very modest circumstances, with every opportunity to compete with each other for the favour of parents or lovers – which they should have been doing according to modern doctrine and practice. The Victorian lid, reinforced by a Methodist minister as a father, must have fitted very tight over unworthy emotions in the Macdonald family. Not that any of the sisters seems to have been handicapped by repression. Their story, according to Lord Baldwin, is one of unmitigated success. The four who married did so for love and were rewarded by faithful, successful husbands and famous children. Alice, the eldest, became Mrs Kipling, mother of Rudyard Kipling; Georgiana, engaged at 15 and married at 19, started as Mrs Jones and concluded as Lady Burne-Jones; Agnes's husband grew into Sir Edward Poynter, PRA; and Louisa by marrying Alfred Baldwin the ironmaster of Bewdley, found herself the mother of Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister.

The verbatim extracts from family documents, freely quoted by Lord Baldwin, conjure up a delightful picture of Victorian high spirits and the harmless jollity of the artistic world in those days. 'Mrs Jones, are you game for some grub?' is how Poynter summons the company to supper. 'Alice never seemed to go on a visit without becoming engaged to some wild cad of the desert' comes from her sister. And when Alice herself, perhaps the sharpest of the whole bunch, found a lock of Wesley's hair in an envelope during a house-moving, she gaily threw it on the fire. 'See! A hair of the dog that bit us.' The girls sing songs, play

Mendelssohn, sit for their portraits, and chatter away to each other in their letters, as if the state of the world and their position in it could hardly be bettered in those halcyon days. As for the future, 'it is advisable for us to marry if the right thing turns up' was as far as they ventured to look; and, of course, for such attractive women the right thing could be trusted to turn up sooner or later – except for Edith, the youngest, who spent 89 years in spinsterhood apparently unrepining.

But were they all such angelic characters without a flaw? Lord Baldwin never probes beneath the surface; yet the case of *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* clamours for inquiry. From the tender age of five Rudyard Kipling spent six hellish years at Southsea in the charge of malevolent strangers, although he had a grandmother and four aunts at hand. Alice, his mother in India, acted for the best, so she said. Leaving a child with relations 'led to complications.' Yet not one of these sensitive Macdonald sisters who visited him at Southsea, or who had him home in the holidays, had the slightest suspicion that there was a little boy upstairs crying himself to sleep every night.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Political Art of Doing Nothing

Giants Cast Long Shadows. By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

Anyone who doubts the advantages that accrue to Top People who keep diaries should observe the success enjoyed by Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart and Sir Harold Nicolson. Here are two septuagenarians who write as pleasantly and as profitably as ever, partly because they still combine a zest for interesting company with the patient will to record each evening the wisdom and the folly of their acquaintances. Hence their enviable ability to embellish their occasional writings with an anthology of anecdote.

Curiously enough, Sir Robert and Sir Harold are both refugees from the Foreign Office – they entered the service in the same year. But their careers were very different. Young Harold, impeccable son of a famous Ambassador, had the advantage of young Bertie, a rugger star who blighted his career by being right too soon about the Soviet Union – as he recorded later in his *Memoirs of a British Agent*. In the Twenties, however, fate drove them together when they almost simultaneously decided to become famous authors – by way of Fleet Street. In 1929 Bruce Lockhart joined the staff of the *Evening Standard* and next year recruited Nicolson, who fondly imagined he could write great books in his spare time from editing the 'Londoner's Diary'.

So their careers diverged once more. While Bruce Lockhart flourished in the atmosphere of Churt, Nicolson wilted and soon escaped into Mosley's New Party, whence he graduated into the Commons as the National Labour Member for Leicester. Lacking the streak of ham essential to a British politician, he was a failure there. But his ten years in the Commons enabled him to add to his great literary achievements an ability to describe Britain's public faces better than anyone except Sir Robert, who meanwhile had completed his political education by becoming the wartime head of the Political Warfare Executive.

It was in this wartime auxiliary branch of the Foreign Office that I got to know him. Selected by Sir Anthony Eden to impose some order on a wildly unruly collection of prima donnas, dons and advertising agents, he showed the greatest skill at placating outraged Ministers while preserving for his subordinates the freedom from political interference which is essential if propaganda is to be effective. Since most of the secret operations of our sister organisation, SOE (the Special Operations Executive), have already been serialised in Sunday newspapers, it is a pity that Sir Robert has not been permitted to write the inside story of Britain's war-time propaganda effort. Instead, in each successive book he tickles the palate with a few choice anecdotes from his diary of what went on in the stables at Woburn and in the upper reaches of Bush House. In *Giants Cast Long Shadows*, I enjoyed most the profiles of Lord Vansittart, Sir John Wheeler-Bennett – and myself! Though I worked under him for four years, I had clean forgotten the relationship between us which he describes with such genial candour. True enough, I found him unbearably fussy and frustrating and he found me unbearably pushing and awkward. I conceived it my duty to weaken Hitler by encouraging the anti-Nazis; Sir Robert knew it was his duty to make sure that we offered nothing but 'unconditional surrender' – even though this strengthened German morale. One episode illustrates our relationship, and I hope he will correct my version of it in his next book.

On the night of 20 July 1944 I was down at Woburn with Sefton Delmer, who was running our 'black' and 'grey' radio stations, when the German wireless revealed the Generals' plot and brought Hitler to the microphone to prove that he was still alive. Delmer was all for putting out our version of what had happened without checking with our superiors. I said we ought at least to inform them, rang up Bruce Lockhart and got him out of bed. Against his plaintive protests, I insisted that he should tell our Minister, Brendan Bracken, that the Army Generals had revolted and that the revolution had probably not been completely suppressed. 'He's with Winston,' I was told, 'and you know they can't stand being interrupted by us.' Rather ponderously, I insisted that, as British propaganda had now achieved one of its major objects, we must at least tell the Prime Minister what had happened, and half an hour later I was rung back. 'My dear Dick,' came Sir Robert's voice, 'it was just as I expected. Brendan has asked me to say he's surprised that you should have been taken in by what is obviously a piece of Goebbels's propaganda. Goodnight. Please don't do it again.' Next morning, when the news was confirmed, we received an instruction from the Premier to put out a leaflet stating that, in our view, the German Generals who had revolted were just as criminal as Hitler and the Nazis.

At the time I felt towards Sir Robert the kind of vicious, passionate resentment with which I have since then been filled as I sat in the Labour Party's National Executive Committee, watching Mr Attlee doodling at a moment of crisis, instead of taking a decision. Now, with old age creeping on me, I have become more tolerant. Indeed, when I read *Giants Cast Long Shadows* now, all passion is spent and I merely reflect that in British public life activity is nearly always a mistake; success comes to those with the ability to do nothing in an emergency.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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ODHAMS

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New Novels

The Affair. By C. P. SNOW. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

The Daughters of Necessity. By PETER S. FEIBLEMAN. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

Hunters in a Narrow Street. By JABRA I. JABRA. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

I suppose C. P. Snow's novels must get buried under foundation stones along with sets of coins, copies of *The Times* and other helpful symbols of the years we live in. A good spot to file away *The Affair* would be under Churchill College, if it's not too late, for this, the eighth volume of the *Strangers and Brothers* cycle, is the last of that sequence which is set in the fictional college that was the scene of *The Masters.*

The Affair (1953-54) has vague echoes of the Dreyfus case, which the author took as his starting-point in developing the theme of justice. A young scientist called Dr Howard, a bit of a Communist and not very popular, has been 'tried' by a Court of Seniors, found guilty of scientific fraud, and deprived of his Fellowship. Lewis Eliot is called in as a lawyer to give advice. There is evidence that Howard's 'fraud' might in fact have been committed by somebody else, a distinguished colleague now dead. The Fellows divide into the familiar factions, one side wanting to keep the affair dead and buried and the other wanting to see justice done. In the background we have the beginnings of yet another of those string-pulling, conniving elections for the Mastership, and the Howard affair has some bearing on who will be elected. A majority of the Fellows, by threatening to take the matter outside the college gates, get the affair re-opened. Howard is finally exonerated, and his Fellowship, which in any case runs out at the end of the year, is reluctantly restored.

The machinations are the same as in *The Masters,* but for 'power' read 'justice'. And Lewis's brother Martin is back from *The New Men* to find that the old place has changed somewhat. It's bigger now, more impersonal, and there are no kitchen servants carrying green-baize-covered trays across the court. The warm, Talbot Baines Reed atmosphere of *The Masters* is disappearing. Even so, I had the same feeling when reading *The Affair* that I have had with all Snow's novels in which Eliot is an observer rather than a participant, and that is a feeling of cosiness followed by one of acute claustrophobia. Is the little world really symbolic of the big world? Is the microcosmic justice of the Howard affair really symbolic of macrocosmic justice outside? Snow has recorded changes within the groups and families and closed-circuit societies which he decribes – his London clubs are letting women in to dine – but what he has not described satisfactorily enough for me is how, in the context of the world outside, the groups themselves have shifted to a new position.

In a week in which we have a Snow novel, other offerings are inclined to look somewhat like remainders. There is one that stands out among the also-rans, and that is *The Daughters of Necessity,* a long novel by an American writer. I have a personal aversion to novels that call boys 'the boy', men 'the man' and cities 'the city', but after a bad start on these lines the novel rallies, with the chronicle of the life and loves of one Edmund Choate, the only son of a wealthy family in one of the Southern United States. On a European tour he picks up, or is picked up by, a superior prostitute 13 years his senior. They marry and go back to America with Loris, her child from a former affair. The scandal has hardly had time to circulate before Edmund's wife dies. He marries a local girl, the one who has been waiting in the wings since the beginning of the book, and she dies too. This would seem to leave Mr Feibleman without a novel, and he is only on page 80, but in fact he is concerned from this point on with Edmund's two children, Adrianne of his second marriage, and his strange adopted daughter Loris who, after disappearing early in the book, moves back into town with her luggage in two taxis, apparently bent on taking up her mother's former occupation. The story is unnecessarily complex and circumstantial, and pretentious in parts (I have another personal aversion, and that is to novels that lapse into italics for pages at a time) but it is saved by some deep-X-ray characterisation that gives the book power and stature.

Hunters in a Narrow Street is the first novel in English of an Arab novelist and poet from Jerusalem. It is, I am afraid, a disappointment. Taking the bare bones of the thing, it's about a young Christian Arab who goes to Baghdad and falls in love with a Moslem girl. But tradition is against him, and the fact that he is having an affair with the girl's voluptuous aunt doesn't help either. The novel is technically faulty for, having started in the first person, Mr Jabra is obliged to switch over to other people's narratives in order to get his story finished. He has some interesting stuff on the way Western civilisation, or whatever it is, is encroaching on Eastern tradition, and he certainly knows his Baghdad, but he has not got this material sufficiently integrated into his novel for it to be anything more than a travelogue with incidental plot.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Shorter Reviews

The Future of Man. By P. B. MEDAWAR. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To listen to closely-reasoned but lucid intellectual discourse is a pleasure of academic life. To be able to give such a pleasure to a homogeneous audience of students or specialists is not a virtue universally possessed by professors; and to be able to do so to a wider audience is very uncommon. Professor Medawar, however, has succeeded in doing just this in his Reith lectures, now published. They are learned but not obscure, difficult enough to keep one at full stretch yet not to discourage, easy enough in manner to be readable yet completely without condescension. It was Medawar's intention that the special intellectual quality of his discourse should be its main feature, because, as he remarks, 'the opinions of the learned are often much less interesting than the reasoning which professes to uphold them. This means that most of his topics, though important in their own right, are more important as illustrations of the process of scientific reasoning. He deals with the predictions of population size, the probable effects of birth control from a genetic point of view, the probable trend of human intelligence, the significance for biological fitness of inborn diversity in human populations, and the distinction between genetical evolution and the type of evolution which takes place in society.

There are two main lessons to be learned. We must not assume that change is straightforward: not only the numbers, but also the structure and habits, of a population can change. We should not despair if things are not as simple as they seem, because hard thinking can usually achieve valid, though perhaps limited, conclusions.

T. L. C.

Peace with Russia? By AVERELL HARRIMAN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a report on a visit to Krushchev's Russia by the former Governor of New York and ex-Ambassador to Stalin of President Roosevelt. It is perhaps even more interesting for showing how he thinks he ought to talk to an American audience about contemporary Russia than for what he actually says. Nevertheless it is interesting, even in this second respect: the changes between Stalin and the present leadership strike him as momentous. He is impressed by the lessening of internal tension, the dissolution of concentration camps and the visible advance in education, material wellbeing and social service. But he calls free vacations in the Crimea 'circuses'. And when he discusses the work of the Institute of World Economics he emphasises the views of the '*apparatshiks*' and not the vigorous thought of its younger members.

Mr Harriman does not dismiss the threat of 'competitive coexistence'. His faith 'that in our free institutions we have a wealth of initiative and creative talent to meet these challenges which no totalitarian society can muster' is unfortunately not backed by any serious attempt to come to grips with our own problems. Much of that talent is now wasted in inducing people to maintain conspicuous consumption merely to line the pockets of others with profits. Still, it would be reassuring if our public men paid such serious attention to these problems as Mr Harriman.

T. B.

A Regional History of the Railways of Great Britain, Vol. I. The West Country. By DAVID ST. JOHN THOMAS. *Phoenix.* 30*s.*

Railway history and local history – two post-war enthusiasms – are here combined in a popular work of high standard. There is the expected nostalgia for steam locomotives and for branch lines, but the author's achieved intention 'of showing something of what railways have meant in social history ensures readability without embarrassment. In addition to the usual stories of railway competition and take-over bids, the author clearly shows how the growth and decline of particular towns and railways in the West Country were closely inter-connected. In general the railways of the area suffer, and have suffered, from the absence of industry and from their reliance on tourism. As a pioneering work on the social history of transport the book, and the series, merit attention.

But the topographical approach, guide-book in manner, has two drawbacks, both of which obscure generalisations. When it is combined with chronological history the result is a constant movement in each section through time. And local railway history inevitably is a discussion of small lines and those bits of main-lines which happen to be in the area. Further, it is difficult to appreciate why some facts are given; the statistics in Appendix I, for example, seem to illustrate nothing in particular.

H. P.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,573 Set by Allan M. Laing

A researching horticulturist has recently announced that plants are sentient beings, and suffer the pains of dissolution in much the same way as human kind. Competitors are invited to compose a threnody on a Dying Plant, Flower or Vegetable, in not more than 16 lines. Entries by 26 April.

Result of 1,570 Set by Janet Adam Smith

The usual prizes are offered for an elegy on the dead of Sharpeville. Length 20 lines.

Report

Clearly the great majority of competitors wished to make a comment rather than compose a strict elegy, and the entries have been judged accordingly. They were many – including one from 'Transvaler' in Afrikaans ('the language of the guilty') – but again and again strong sympathies and sensitive insights were struggling against the constrictions of worn words and tired rhythms. So prizewinners are few: three guineas to F.C.C., and one and a half each to Francis Drake and Margaret Bartholomew. Stanley Sharpless should be quoted:

> Keep us from smugness, thick as turtle fat,
> Remembering Notting Hill,
> But help us, guilty by remote control,
> In other Africas than this,
> Resolve to see the god beneath the skin.

Commended: Jeremiah Sowerby, Margaret Wood ('And we are white, but oh, our souls are black'), W. G. Daish, H. Lawton.

SHARPEVILLE: MONDAY, 21 MARCH

No vine of hatred sprung from seeds of now,
Fruit black on every bough;
No monument white future hands may rear,
Each chiselled name
Perpetually clear;
No Mea Culpa in distraction said;
No present shame
Can ever hide away
The sprawled and innocent dead,
The happened day.

F.C.C.

THEY LEARNED THE HARD WAY

They learned the use of corrugated sheets,
How mud hid diamonds and reefs held gold;
They learned the weariness of city streets,
And how men rot while shares are bought
and sold.

They also learned that they were sons of God,
Partakers of His realm, co-heirs with Christ;
And, learning this, they must have found it odd
To see God's progeny so cheaply priced.

They learned not to believe what they might
hear,
Suspiciously to shun the armoured glove,
When precept taught the love that casts out
fear,
While practice taught the fear that casts out
love.

And so they died, their lesson hardly learned,
Pathetic, helpless, inarticulate;
And those who shot them dropped their guns
and turned
And saw a continent aflame with hate.

FRANCIS DRAKE

CAPE TOWN, March 22. – Dr Verwoerd, the South African Prime Minister, told Parliament to-day that the riots yesterday could in no way be described as reaction against the Government's apartheid *policy, and had nothing to do with reference books (passes). These disturbances were a periodic phenomenon and had nothing to do with poverty and low wages, he said.* – The Times, 23 *March.*

'Why did he die? The sun shone high in the sky
As any day.'
'Surely you understand; his death was just
A periodic phenomenon having nothing to do
with Government policy.'

'Live and let live, that's all he wanted to do,
Be and believe.'
'But you just can't do that here, you might give
rise to
A periodic phenomenon having nothing to do
with Government policy.'

'When you reach the last count, where no pass
counts,
And face your God,
Might it be you, then, who are segregated,
As periodic phenomena having too much to do
with Government policy?'

MARGARET BARTHOLOMEW

City Lights

After the Ball was Over

The City now likes the Budget even less than it did. Grandma won sour looks enough when she tried to stop the boom and failed; Mr Amory seems to have succeeded for the moment, and the spoilt darlings are furiously lambasting him with everything within reach. For all the professional cynicism of stock-brokers, for example, it is a little surprising to find a firm writing its clients that from the Tories too they must now look for lower taxes and riotous consumption before an election, restrictive measures after it.

Most of the trouble in the market is still coming from Mr Amory's deliberately vague warning about credit restrictions, spelt out for him in alarmingly large black type by the newspapers. Share prices have more than lost what they gained in a rush on the two days before the Budget through the pooled sagacity of thousands of small investors, and for the moment there seems nothing much to look forward to. Profits and dividends, of course, are excellent. Only a few companies have so far reported on 1959, and they include a large part of the least profitable end of the year in their results, but these few show an eight per cent increase in profits, a 19 per cent increase in equity earnings, and a 29 per cent increase in dividends. Profits and dividends will probably go on being excellent for some time to come, but this may do no more than justify the rise in share prices which has already taken place. The Stock Exchange reckons that prices rose by 51½ per cent last year (and what, the Treasury ought to be asking, happened to the £6,300m of capital appreciation?); this in itself is now an argument for not expecting much of a rise for some time to come.

* * *

Building society interest rates head the list of rates which seem likely to rise: mortgage rates may well go up after the annual conference next month, perhaps to something even higher than the former six per cent. Two separate arguments are at work. First, the societies have to attract enough money to meet the urgent demand for mortgages. Admittedly the increase in the permitted holdings of National Savings certificates and bonds will mean only a limited and temporary loss of funds; admittedly the Halifax recently had more money than it knew what to do with, but the smaller societies are short and anxious for anything that higher rates will bring them. Secondly, the increase in profits tax and the expected increase in the composite rate of income tax (which rises with the average income of their shareholders) will mean a further encroachment on an already narrow profit margin; narrowing profit margins mean that reserve ratios tend to contract as assets increase and set up a terrible conflict between the minimum ratio which is now an essential element of respectability and the general manager's ambition to expand. There is a possibility, therefore that mortgage rates will not merely rise but will rise by more than the rate offered to shareholders. The smaller societies will certainly press hard for greater freedom to compete with the large established societies, which not merely have large accumulated reserves but which – operating much

like the savings banks – are less vulnerable to changes in interest rates.

★ ★ ★

Credit squeezes hit private borrowers long before they hit large firms. Private borrowers may care to note that, following the establishment of a London branch last December by the US Beneficial Finance Corporation, two bigger fishes – CIT Financial Corporation and American Express – have decided to pool forces and cash in on the demand for personal loans in Britain and Germany. HP, we are already learning, is a cumbersome, expensive business fit only for people without bank accounts. In the US all respectable people, given a rating after due investigation, can go to a finance house, borrow up to their credit limit and buy what they please on a sort of ubiquitous Budget account. The banks resented the way in which the HP finance companies mushroomed on the last squeeze, and they will certainly fight to prevent US personal loan companies from skimming our own new affluence.

★ ★ ★

Sir Oliver Franks, the chairman of Lloyds, is now chairman of the Committee of London Clearing Bankers, with Sir Walter Monckton, the chairman of the Midland, as his deputy. It is with these gentlemen that Grandma, the interpreter of the City to Whitehall, discusses banking matters – *vide* Radcliffe: *'it is the manner of carrying out what they want done and not whether it should be done or not' . . . 'these were not discussions in the sense you mean; we were told that this was what was proposed and allowed to express our views, but it all happened in 20 minutes; we did not discuss alternatives'*. The new men, with wider experience than their predecessors and less inclination to revere authority, may help to make Grandma realise the difficulties attaching to the intermediary role she professes to undertake.

Company News

British Petroleum, like Shell, has been selling more oil, but profit margins have fallen further, profits for the last half-year are slightly down, and the increase in profits after tax is due to tax relief of some kind or another still to be made explicit: the increase in dividend from 1s 9d to 2s 2d tax-free, rather more than it seemed reasonable to expect from the interim, has been ignored, and the shares now yield over six per cent.

Bulls of *British Motor* seem to have been disappointed that the interim dividend was merely maintained after a three-for-ten scrip issue – an effective increase of a third.

Not much notice was taken of the fact that *Gallaher*, despite competitive reprisals from Imperial Tobacco, has pushed up its profit again, this time by 22½ per cent, and raised its dividend from 16⅔ to 20 per cent.

Mr Clore's *Sears* has got its profit up by 22 per cent and is maintaining the old dividend on a capital increased by a one-for-four scrip.

Mr Lionel Fraser's *Tilling Group* has increased its profit by 40 per cent and raised its dividend from 12 to 17 per cent (with another scrip issue to come).

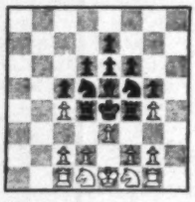
TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 544. Thanks to Columbus

Not for his alleged discovery of a continent which he mistook to be something else and which, anyway, had been discovered already. No, my thanks to the explorer are due for his celebrated feat of making an egg stand up by boldly plonking it on the table. Most eggs, of course, are never given the Columbus touch, and it is difficult to decide which is their bottom-end and which the top-end. But there can never be any doubt which is the bottom-end of a Columbus egg; inevitably, its base is somewhat broadened, thereby providing me with the seasonal connotation required for **A**. It is supposed to resemble an easter-egg, but in point of fact it is a 2-mover so ridiculously easy as to make me feel quite extravagant in offering as much as 5-ladder-points. I do not feel quite as generous in offering 6 points for **B**, even though it is a mere mate in one. This seems simple enough, but there is a little snag. I will give a useful hint, though, by adding that this problem should be very easy for the more legally minded competitors, particularly if they also have a knack for what is commonly called "putting two and two together." As for **C**, I can save some of my scanty space by dispensing with a diagram. Put up the basic position, and see how you can get rid of all the Bishops and Knights in as few as twelve moves. My offer of 7 points for this may be just a little more than the rate for the job, but 8 for **D** is quite a bargain when considering some extremely helpful hints I am about to give. This is a sumate in 4, and for the uninitiated I had better explain that what it means for White is to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 4 moves. To make it veritably child's play, I will add my useful hint, that of four White pawns will have to achieve a different kind of promotion. **E** is a draw and **F** a win, and while neither of them is very easy, their rating a 9 & 10 points respectively is largely due to my wish to get the grand total garnerable this weekend up to 45. Anyway, they are very brilliant endgame studies indeed. Usual prizes. Entries by 25 April.

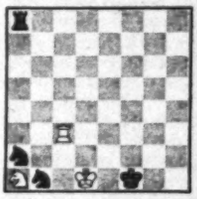
A: Arpad Bauer 1916



B: Hieronymus Fischer 1904

D: K. Hannemann 1921

E: A. O. Herbstmann 1934



F: J. Hasek 1929

Report on No. 541 Set 26 March

A: Kt-K4 wins at once, since . . . KtxKt is defeated by Kt-Kt6 ch etc.

B: (1) R-Kt8!, K-B5; (2) RxKt, KtxR; (3) P-Kt6, P-Kt6; (4) PxP, P-Kt7; (5) PxKt (Q), P=Q; (6) P-R7, Q-K5 ch; (7) K-Q6 ch etc.

C: (1) Kt(2)-B3 ch. K-R8 (best); (2) R-Q7!!, QxR; (3) B-B1, Kt-Q6; (4) B-Kt2 ch!, KtxB; (5) Kt-B5, Q-KB2; (6) P-K6 etc.

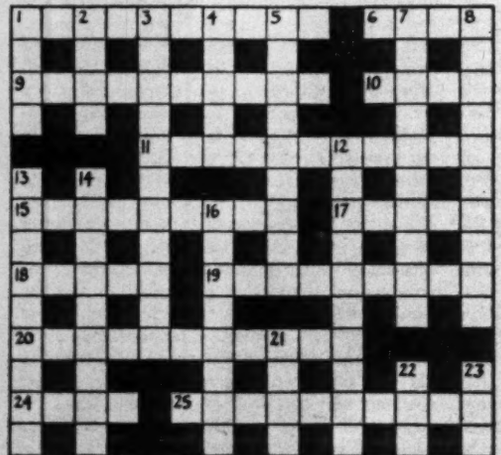
(1) . . . K-Kt6 refuted by (2) R-Kt7 ch! etc. (1) . . . KxP fails against (2) B-B1 ch, K-Kt6; (3) R-Kt7 ch etc.

Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, M. P. Furmston, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 401

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 401, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 26 April.



ACROSS

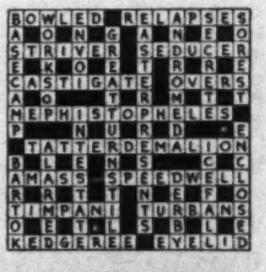
1. They carry soldiers and there is possibly nothing posh in their journeys (10).
6. Plant in another bed (4).
9. Study the chance of choosing a fresh take-over (10).
10. The town needs a circle in it for a market place (4).
11. Producing a prescription for a simpleton without a foreign language (11).
15. Running when the charter company is in dissolution (9).
17. Festival hall conductor (5).
18. Darling goddess (5).
19. To squander is to take a little in time (9).
20. Re-written chapters to a disaster (11).
24. Soon the priest is beheaded (4).
25. Adenauer's opportunity comes before the list is put back (10).
26. Between the poles the fish would be tossed (4).
27. The goods remaining motionless (10).

DOWN

1. Slowly run up a wrong (4).
2. A friend's address is something precious (4).
3. Temporary impressions (11).
4. One who does not love in that erotic way (5).
5. Theatre people who look crude mixing among professionals (9).
7. According to A.P.H. he never enjoys himself except for a noble purpose (10).
8. Be arranged untidily in a disorderly place (10).
12. Bad language when transport is without change for seven (11).
13. Carriage for the acting tutor (10).
14. Fortification worst confounded in the interval (10).
16. Dispersing heralds to a garrison town (9).
21. The fear of god (5).
22. Low-lying ground in South Africa (4).
23. If in writing the examination would be for ethics (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 399



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 399

H. Holt (Bradford)
Miss B. Kemp (Uxbridge)
G. A. Coulson (Rome)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN RHODESIA

Social Welfare Officer, male, preferably between 25 and 40, required to undertake social case-work with all communities, i.e. care of the aged, relief of distress, child care and adoption, probation and Court social work, also to supervise African social workers. University degree or Diploma in Social Science, with at least two years' experience of social case-work essential. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £950 to £1,600 p.a. Quarters at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low income tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.130/3/02/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, KING'S COLLEGE
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE AND THE UNITED NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE HOSPITALS

Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in the Department of Psychological Medicine which consists of an Out-Patient Clinic in the teaching hospital and a self-contained In-Patient and day hospital unit. There are associated Out-Patient, In-Patient and Child Psychiatry units at the Newcastle General Hospital. The posts offer good opportunities for practical experience and would be of value to anyone wishing to proceed to further training. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Postgraduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from 1 October 1960. Salary £450 per annum.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne 1, to whom three copies of application (including the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made) should be submitted so as to reach him not later than 30 April 1960.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS (TWO) are required in connection with a first programme of experimental studies of working organisation and of social behaviour. This programme will be conducted in the Social Sciences Research Centre. Appointment will be for three years, commencing October 1960 at a salary of £700 rising by £50 to £800 per annum. Qualifications should include a good honours degree in a social science, a natural science, mathematics, or philosophy.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications should be lodged not later than 9 May 1960.

CHARLES H. STEWART,
Secretary to the University,
Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh.

ROYAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE SALFORD
LIBERAL STUDIES DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LECTURER in RUSSIAN.

Salary range: £700 rising to £1,150 p.a., with additions for a degree and approved training.

Applicants should be graduates in Russian language and should offer a second language, preferably German. Duties will involve teaching these languages to science and technological students of Diploma in Technology courses and a limited amount of translation into English for research purposes.

Further particulars and applications forms can be obtained from the Registrar, Royal Technical College, Salford 5, to whom completed applications should be returned by 25 April 1960.

R. RIBBLESDALE THORNTON,
Clerk to the Governors.

ASSISTANT Mathematics teacher with general subjects required in recognised boarding grammar school for maladjusted boys of high intelligence. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Red Hill School, East Sutton, Nr Maidstone. Burnham Scale.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
PONTEFRACT GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
HEADSHIP

Applications are invited for the Headship of the Pontefract Girls' High School which will be vacant from 1 September 1960, following the appointment of the present Headmistress to Queen Margaret's School, Escrick Park, York.

This well established school, which has some 600 girls on roll and a VIth form of over 100 girls, is very pleasantly situated on the edge of the Park in this market town. Attractive major extensions have recently been opened and the school has a full range of specialist rooms, including an excellent library. There are hockey grounds, and courts for netball and tennis.

Applicants must be graduates of a British University.

The salary, in accordance with the Burnham Scale, will be £2,160 a year for a four-year trained, good honours graduate at the maximum of her scale. Housing accommodation could be made available if required.

Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield. Last date for receipt of applications, 22 April 1960.

CHILD CARE

MARRIED COUPLE required as WARDEN and MATRON at Dixcot, 8 North Drive, Streatham, London, SW16, a special home for 20 girls 11-15 years, presenting behaviour problems of considerable difficulty. 3 other child care staff, adequate domestic assistance. Duties are onerous and exacting calling for a high degree of patience, tact and understanding; comparable experience with adolescent girls essential. Recognised qualifications would be an advantage. The Matron must be in addition competent to undertake the domestic management of the home. Comfortable furnished quarters provided. Salaries (under review) Warden £660-£790, Matron £595-£675 commencing according to quals. and exp. both less £134 14s. for board etc. Six weeks leave. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/NS/923/4), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

invites applications from men for two posts in the Exhibition Division

A. SENIOR ASSISTANT

aged 25 to 35 to assist mainly in the planning, design and erection by contractors of exhibition stands and displays for exhibitions outside the Design Centre, in London, the provinces and occasionally overseas. Essential qualifications are a good general education, a full art school training in a 3-dimensional design subject or an architectural training, and relevant experience including both design and administration. Starting salary between £1,045-£1,210 according to experience rising to £1,295. There is a pension scheme and a month's annual leave.

B. JUNIOR ASSISTANT

The duties will be to assist the officer engaged in the work described above, especially on the administrative side. A man aged 21-28 is preferred with similar qualifications but not necessarily with experience. Starting salary between £535-£725 according to experience rising to £985.

Apply for further details and an application form to the Recruitment Officer, COID, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

BOURNEMOUTH ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education

(ENGLISH TO ADULT CONTINENTAL STUDENTS)

Limited number of temporary teachers, full-time and part-time, preferably male, required from 2 May to 3 September 1960. Recent university training or equivalent experience, including Translation, Direct Method, Literature or Commerce. Dip. Ed. not essential but an advantage. Good knowledge of French and/or Spanish etc. Interest and enthusiasm essential. Initiative welcome. Excellent conditions of work. Class and individual tuition. Applications with photograph to the Directors, Anglo-Continental School of English, 31-33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VACANCY FOR TOP JOB IN SYSTEMS SELLING

Systems expert required to handle the organisation and sales of excellent time and money saving range of revolutionary forms. Large national concern offers scope and limitless opportunity to right man whose background training experience and connection is in the systems field, and whose contacts are at top level. Write stating age, experience, details of systems handled, curriculum vitae to Personnel Manager, quoting SMD, Box 3792.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Readership or Senior Lectureship in Statistics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have the appropriate qualifications and experience needed to take charge of the newly-established Statistics Unit. Annual salary (superannuable) is: Readership – £2,500 (man) or £1,900 (woman). Senior Lectureship – £2,000 × £75 – £2,300 (man) or £1,500 × £60 – £1,740 (woman). There is also an expatriation allowance of £300/£250 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. Expatriate staff and their families are provided with furnished accommodation at a reasonable rental, and with first-class sea passages on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 31 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Chair of History. The University invites applications for appointment to the above-mentioned Chair which will become vacant in July 1960, when the present Professor of History, Professor J. McManners, will take up his appointment to a newly-created Chair of History in the University of Sydney. The present salary payable to professors is £A3,500 per annum and the duties and conditions of the appointment will be in accordance with the general conditions of appointment applicable to members of the academic staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 27 June 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 May 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant (male) in Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The person appointed will be expected to assist in the management and administration of courses in the field of social and economic studies and should have a good honours degree in an appropriate subject (e.g. history, economics, sociology). Previous experience of administrative work is not essential, and applications would be considered from persons intending to graduate this year. Initial salary not less than £700 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Duties to begin on 1 October 1960 or such earlier date as may be arranged. Applications should be sent not later than 23 April 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Social Science. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of application should be sent not later than 13 May 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Full-time Educational Psychologist reqd for Finchley area. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent, recognised clinical training and teaching experience essential. Duties at present mainly general advisory work in school psychological service but establishment of Child Guidance Centre is contemplated in near future. Salary Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560 (male); £1,271-£1,532 (female). Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Grt George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 25 April. (Quote C.293 NS).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference either to Western Europe excluding the United Kingdom, or to an 'under-developed' area outside Europe) for a period of two years from 1 September 1960. Salary scale £700-£850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than Monday, 9 May 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the posts of Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy and Assistant Lecturer in Political Philosophy. Candidates for the latter post should have some knowledge of political institutions and an interest in the history of political thought. Duties to commence 1 October 1960. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 30 April 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. A Research Assistant is required to work on a long-term study of the academic progress and post-university experience of students at British universities. Applicants should have good degrees, preferably but not necessarily in sociology or another social science. Research experience in the collection and organisation of survey material would be an advantage. Salary in the range £450-£800 a year. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age, experience and, particularly in the case of recent graduates, to subject and class of degree. Applications, with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 30 April 1960 by the Secretary to the Social Research Division, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, London, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

HERTFORDSHIRE Child Guidance Service. Educational Psychologist. An additional full-time psychologist required for expansion of Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service and Associated School Psychological Service (Soulbury Grade II Scale). Candidates must possess honours degree in psychology or its equivalent with appropriate clinical training. Training and experience in teaching desirable. The Service offers an unusually wide and varied experience with children from infancy to late adolescence. Clinic may be visited by appointment and further information can be obtained from the Senior Psychologist. Applications stating age and giving details of training, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees to the Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, St Albans, Herts.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of Family Case Worker (Male or Female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £610 to £765 per annum. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne 1, as soon as possible.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. There are vacancies for three qualified female Child Care Officers (new appointments). Salary APT 1 (£610-£765) with prospects. Further details and forms of application from County Children's Officer, County Offices, Matlock. D. G. Gilman, Clerk of the County Council, County Offices, Matlock.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker reqd by LCC as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Deptford Chest Clinic, Harton Street, Deptford, SE8. Must possess Institute of Hospital Almoners' Certificate or recognised social science certificate. £679 (at age 24) – £884 commencing accdg to quals and expce. Duties incl. medico-social and secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary funds for benefit of patients. Form from Divisional Medical Officer, St Paul's House, Deptford High Street, SE8, by 25 April. (919).

METROPOLITAN Borough of Bethnal Green. Warden (male or female) required at Council's Holiday Centre at Redbourn, Hertfordshire. Salary £715-£775 less £100 re emoluments. Accommodation suitable for single person. Particulars and forms from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E2. Completed forms returnable by 25 April 1960.

ADMIN. Assistant wanted to take responsibility for office routine and help with work of an Old People's Welfare C'tee in East London. Also worker to organise meals service & assist with general office work. Sal. accdg to age & exp. Applications stating age, qualifs, etc. to Sec., Stepney Old People's Welfare Assn, St Katharine's, Butcher Row, E14.

TRAVEL Service, South Kensington, offers interesting position to shorthand-typist with good English, speeds. Knowledge of languages an advantage but not essential. Box 3834.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

QUALIFIED Psychiatric Social Worker required by London County Council for six half-days a week at Pine End School for Maladjusted Children, Reigate, Surrey. Duties mainly involve visiting children's homes in London. Whitley salary and conditions. Particulars and application forms, returnable by 2 May, from Medical Officer of Health (PH/d.1/951), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

HOSPITAL for Sick Children, Great Ormond St, London, WC1. Child psychotherapist reqd for 4 sessions a week on Mondays and Fridays. Applicants should possess an Honours Degree in psychology or equivalent, recognised training and experience in Child Psychotherapy and membership of the Association of Child Psychotherapists (non-medical). Sessional fee according to experience and training. Full details may be obtained from the Dept of Psychological Medicine.

DOBROYD Castle School. Applications are invited for the following posts (joint applications will be considered) at this Home Office Approved School for 72 Senior Boys aged between 15 and 19 years. (1) Housemaster. It is essential that the man appointed should have a real concern for the training of immature and unstable young men often presenting acute behaviour problems. Attitude, energy and experience are more important than qualifications, but the appointment of an applicant not possessing a Social Studies Diploma or its equivalent, would be dependent on Home Office approval. Salary between £375 and £845 per annum according to age and qualifications. (2) Assistant Matron. Similar previous experience is desirable but not essential. The person appointed will be required to assist the Matron generally in matters of catering, clothing, medical attention and household maintenance. The post is pensionable, and the salary scale is £420 by £20 to £520 with appropriate repayment for board, lodging and laundry. A modern house would be available if a joint appointment is made. Applications (no forms) with names of three referees, to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire.

DUNCROFT, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for Senior Girls). Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist at the above School for three sessions a week. Candidates should possess an Honours degree in Psychology and if possible have teaching and clinical experience in a Child Guidance Clinic. Work will involve intelligence testing, remedial teaching, advice and co-operation with staff and psychiatric team. Opportunity for research in a group of adolescent disturbed girls. Salary in accordance with Soulbury Scale. Applications to the Correspondent, 'Duncroft', National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

THE Royal Institute of British Architects will shortly appoint a Deputy Secretary to the Board of Architectural Education. The duties of the Board are to advise the Council of the Royal Institute on all matters relating to architectural education. A University degree is essential. Previous experience in administration is desirable. Salary: £2,000 – £100 – £3,000: starting point according to qualifications and experience. Further information and application form from the Secretary, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1. Closing date for applications: 20 May 1960.

DARTINGTON Hall Middle School. Two resident teachers wanted for September. One preferably woman for group of 10-year-olds and one preferably man to be responsible for English, Drama and some French with 11 and 12 year olds. Apply at once to The Principals, Mr & Mrs Child, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, Devon, giving full particulars of experience and interests, with references and testimonials.

SOLICITORS near Victoria station want in or before October 1960 Solicitor not over 40 to assist with growing practice. Litigation experience essential. Applicant should have potential connection of his own. Prospect of Partnership to right applicant. Box 3685.

AN ASSISTANT editor is wanted for a well-known international art magazine. Good command of English essential; experience of editorial work, special interest in graphic art, advertising art and applied arts most desirable; some knowledge of publishing, printing, advertising, German and/or French useful. Apply in writing with curriculum vitae and photo, stating salary required to Editor, Graphis Press, 45 Nuschelerstrasse, Zurich, Switzerland.

WORKERS' Educational Association – Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of Organising-Tutor in North-West Lindsey in the County of Lincoln. Applicants should be Honours graduates with qualifications in the Social Sciences or in other relevant subjects appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £650 × £50 to £1,200. Closing date 2 May 1960. Application forms and further details from District Secretary, WEA, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield 1.

ARE you a Shorthand or Copy Typist? If so you can work from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., no Saturdays, for a week or more. Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Law, additional to the existing Lectureship in the Department of Economics and Social Science. Applications (six copies) to be sent not later than 2 May 1960, to the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE Guild of Insurance Officials has vacancies for Organising Staff. Applications are invited from persons with experience and interest in Trade Union work. Incremental salary scale rising at the moment to £1,000. Apply to General Secretary, Guild of Insurance Officials, 24 Railway Approach, London Bridge, SE1.

TRAINED Women Assistants wanted at Diocesan Girls' Hostel. Salaries from £390-£480 less £120 per annum for emoluments according to training and experience. Apply Organising Secretary, 65 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham 1.

ADVENTURE Playground Leader, London, NW8. Experienced with children. Salary £750 p.a. Refs essential. Box 3841.

ASSISTANT Matron, experienced in nursing/and or housekeeping, reqd for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remun. & accom. Box 3565.

SALES Director of expanding travel agency (near but not in West End) requires more than a secretary. Preferred age 25/28 but not essential. She should be highly intelligent, have an old-fashioned knowledge of geography and be prepared to take a thorough interest in all aspects of the business. Strict five-day week frankly unlikely. Salary by negotiation. Box 3843.

GERMAN translator wanted for occas. work with news-film agency. Typing and some experience essential. Box 3631.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Homes, London. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Every comfort provided. Box 2849.

EXPERIENCED teacher interested mod. tech. of teaching Fr./Germ./Eng. (Crafts, movement, drama or P.E. an asset.) Town & Country School, 38/40, Eton Av., NW3.

MATRON required Co-Ed. School, experienced, understanding, interested in working independently. Box 3848.

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Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned**, to whom applications should be submitted, or from the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The University regularly considers applications in June and November, but special consideration may be given to applications at other times. Scholarships may be taken up at any time after award, including vacation periods.

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Thur. Sat. 5.0 & 8. The Admiration of Life. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sn. 4. Witty & naughty! Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. 'The Naming of Murderers' Rock' 'A memorable experience' S. Times.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. Sam, The Highest Jumper of Them All.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Opening Fri. 22 April, Marghanita Laski's 'The Off-Shore Island'. 1st London prodn. Mems.

CONCERTS

AARON Copland conducts his own work with Julius Katchen as soloist and London Symphony Orchestra at Royal Festival Hall on Tuesday, 19 April at 8 p.m.

'MUSIC Today'. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room on Wed., 20 April, 8.15 p.m. 'Le marteau sans maître' by Pierre Boulez, preceded by an illustrated talk and followed by a general discussion. The New Music Ensemble conducted by John Carewe. Tickets 12s. 6d., 8s., 6s. from the Festival Hall Box Office.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Music & Arts in Hampstead
'JUNGLE BEAT BALL'
Hampstead Town Hall
22 April. 9 p.m. – 2 a.m.
Costume or Evening Dress
Licensed Bar & Buffet Available
Prizes. Admission 17s. 6d.
S.A.E. and remittance, to:
Publicity Officer,
31a Frognal, Hampstead, NW3.
or tickets at Town Hall door from 8.30 p.m. (not earlier) on 22 April, if remaining.

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 17 April: 'The Seventh Seal' (X). From 18 April: 'Wild Strawberries' (A).

FEDERATION of West Indian Students' Unions at Royal Hotel, Woburn Pl., Southampton Row, WC1. Dancing to Mod. & Steel Bands, Sat. 16 April, 7.30-11.30. Mems 5s. 6d. Guests 6s. 6d. Bar. Buffet.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Party, Wed. 20 April, 8.30-11. Dancing.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

STATE Cinema, High Road, Leytonstone, E11. (LEY. 3523) Sun. 17 Apl (7 days) As tribute to victims of Sharpeville, we present..first public showing in Britain of Basil Davidson's epic of Africa's March to Freedom 'Upsurge' (U). In same programme Bergman's 'The Face'; Chaplin's 'The Immigrant'. Open Daily 2 p.m. (Sun. 4 p.m.). Central Line Tube 25 mins from Oxford Circus.

MCF and CAO presents Africa Freedom Day Concert, Sunday, 17 April, 2.30 p.m. The Royal Festival Hall (General Manager T. E. Bean CBE) with Paul Robeson, Kathleen Long, Martin Lawrence. Cwmbach South Wales Miners Choir, Alfie Bass, Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor, The Tony Kinsey Quartet, The Merrymakers, Leeward Island Steel Band. Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 20s., from Festival Hall Bookg Office, Waterloo, SE1.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. West Coast Hard-Edge 4 abstract classicists from Los Angeles. Until 23 April. Closed from 15-18 April. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Preview for Members: Mattia Moreni Paintings. Tuesday 26 April at 6 p.m.

EPSTEIN Collection of primitive and exotic sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 23 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: 'The First Fifty Years'. A selection of works given to Public Galleries by the CAS 1910-1960. Tate Gallery to 8 May. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Paintings by John Nash, RA, and Hammond Steel (1900-1960). Modern Etchings and Lithographs. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Apergis, Sculpture. Perdikidis, Paintings. Papagueorguiu, Drawings. From 11-30 April. Weekdays 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 15 New Quebec St, W1 PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun

HEAL'S Craftsman's Market Exhibition of Handmade Silver Jewellery by Barbara Cartlidge 7-28 April.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Galicia-lithographs & linocuts. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1 7 Cork St, W1 REG 3660

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery; Ida Kar; Portraits of artists in England, France and Soviet Russia, and other photographs. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Borchard, Brodzky, Clare, Feigl, Harris, Josephs, Kahn, Pereira, Sanders. 23 April to 25 May. Dly incl Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

RAILLE Gallery, Islington Green, N1. 25 paintings by Ken Moore.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Sculpture. Hilary Heron. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

KAPLAN Gallery – MacBryde – Paintings. Colquhoun – Drawings – Until 30 April 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. Francis Bacon – Recent Paintings. 25 March-22 April. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition of Twelve Greek Artists 1960. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 22 April.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New ptgs. Julian Trevelyan. Till 28 Apr.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Alberto Burri First London Exhibition Until 29 Apr Dly 10-5.30 Sat 10-1

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq. W1.

PARKWAY Gallery, 58 Parkway, NW1. Paintings of London. 11-30 Apl.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AFTER ALDERMASTON—WHAT?

THE CAMPAIGN AT THE CROSSROADS

Which Way to the Summit?

CND Day Conference, St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, 24 April

Distinguished panel of speakers

Sessions 2 - 5 p.m.; 6 - 10 p.m. Tickets (2s. 6d. per session) from London Region CND, 5 Caledonian Road, N1

CHRISTIAN ACTION

Central Hall, Westminster

Wednesday, 11 May, 7.30 p.m.

THE BISHOP OF JOHANNESBURG will give his first-hand report on SOUTH AFRICA

Tickets 2s. 6d. reserved, 1s. unreserved from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, EC4 (City 3747)

NLR CLUB
Easter Monday
ALDERMASTON PARTY
8 p.m., Marquee
(next to Academy Cinema)
Oxford Street, W1.
Bar, band, refreshments, entertainments. Members 2s. 6d. Non-members 3s. 6d

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Richard Hoggart on 'Culture, Class, Youth'. Wed. 20 April, 7 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secy, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

'AFRICA and You' Co-op. Hall, Seven Sisters Rd, N7, 7 May at 2.30 p.m. Short films on Africa, a talk by Fenner Brockway, MP, tea, and then the United Nations film of the year, 'Power Among Men' All this for 2s. 6d., or five tickets for 10s. Apply, LCS Education Secretary, (NS), 13 Soho Square, W1.

WEEKEND Conference on Nature Cure in Practice' Margaret Brady, Mary Evans, Michael Fryer, Nina Hosali, Dr Margery Keay, Dr Alan Stoddard, C Donald Wilson, Dr Frank Wokes. Film 'No Room for Wild Animals' 22-24 April. Southlands College, Wimbledon. Details: Nature Cure Clinic (NS), 13 Oldbury Pl., W1 WEL 2787

CARDIFF Left Club meets fortnightly. Write Jane Gardner, 17 Timbers Sq.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 17 April, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Has Socialism lost its Relevance?' H. J. Blackham.

PUSHKIN Club, PARk 7696. Fri. 22 April, 8 p.m. at 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Informal Social Evening (Medvedev Balalaika Trio & others).

'NEEDLESS Slavery'. Public lecture, 17 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Literature. Thurs. 21 April, 8.15, Jacques Brunius, 'Surrealist Poetry'. Readers: Cécile Chevreau, Anthony Jacobs, Elt Messens. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

STEPHEN Spender: 'The English and German Approach to Poetry', on Tuesday, 26 April 1960 at 8 p.m. at the German Institute, 51 Princes Gate (Exhibition Road), SW7. KENsington 3848/9.

ADLERIAN Society: 'Racial Prejudice'. Guest speaker: Dr David Pitt. 19 April, 7.30 p.m. punctually at Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Non-members 2s. 6d. (Students 1s.).

'A FUTURE Worth Living For' Conference Rally Public Meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.. Sunday 17 April, 7.30. Questions & Discussion. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

SOVIET Planning & Government: six talks by Soviet experts; every Thurs. commencing 21 April, 7 p.m., at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s. (SCR 1s. 6d.)

FILM Show – New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 20 April, 8 p.m.

IWC. Public Lecture. Free. M. Bakaya: 'Ethics of Indian Films' 8.30 p.m. Fri., 22 April. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD 0688.

SCR Spring Programme. seminar with Soviet lecturers on USSR Government & Planning, Russian classes & talks; film shows. Write for details, enclosing s.a.e., to Secty, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W8.

ANCIENT Druid Order: 'Cosmobiology' by Dr W B Crow. Thurs. 21 April, 7.15. Caxton Hall, SW1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10. Vedanta Lectures. Write for details

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'OPPORTUNITIES in Retirement'. A short course, in congenial surroundings, on how to make the most of life after 60. 16-19 May. Details from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 25 April. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish Universities. For full details apply to the Secretary, SLOane 8381

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. The College will offer from October 1960, a one-year post-credential course in Applied Social Studies. The course is designed to provide a professional education and qualification for students intending to practice as social caseworkers and is recognised by the Central Training Council in Child Care and the Institute of Almoners. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff

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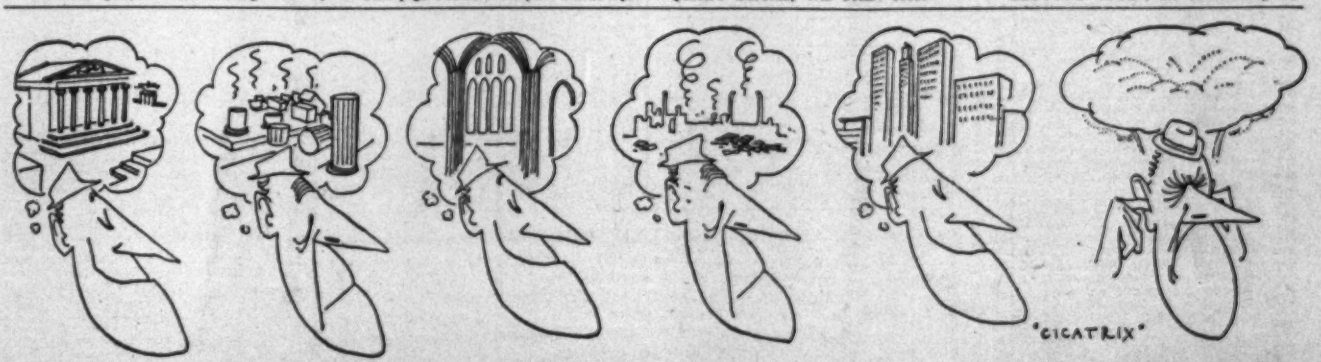
LECTURE CRSES, &c contd on p.571



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